# The Centre Reporter.

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## CAPITOL CHAT.

### INFORMATION OF A WEEK FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

**A Brief Review of What Government of Officials are Doing for the Country's Good.**

WASHINGTON Oct. 10, 1892.—The republican complaint of a lack of campaign boodle is made for no other purpose than to deceive. They have today a larger fund at the disposal of their national committee than was used by them in the campaign of 1888. This is no hearsay or guessing, but an absolute fact. Finding themselves so well fixed for cash; the republican national committee appointed Mr. L. T. Michener, of Indiana, who is Col. W. W. Dudley's law partner, in this city, confidential financial agent for the Western states that are considered doubtful, with instructions to spend any amount that he may after personal investigation consider necessary to keep those states in the republican column. Mr. Michener is now making that personal investigation, giving his first attention to his own state about which the republicans are very much alarmed.

Mr. Harrison knows from experience the value of having a few good offices to dangle in front of the political workers of his party, therefore no one was surprised when he officially announced that none of the numerous existing vacancies would be filled until after election. He wishes the impression to go out that the men who do the most telling work for him will have the pick of these places. Among the most desirable vacancies are an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; a first Assistant Post Master General; a Commissioner of the General Land Office, and a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

The fall session of the U. S. Supreme Court opened to-day. The only business transacted was the swearing in of the new member, Justice Shiras, of Pennsylvania, and the official call of the Court on the President.

With all his faults, and they are certainly numerous enough Commissioner Raum has the merit, he is grateful to Mr. Harrison for not having long ago kicked him out of the Pension Office, and he is showing his gratitude by leaving his official desk upon the stump. This week the Commissioner will endeavor to get in some fine work for Harrison at the encampment of the Union Veterans legion, at Indianapolis. He will then go to Illinois, where he is supposed to have some influence with the soldier vote, and make all sorts of promises to those who want to get on the pension roll as well as to those already on the roll who are applicants for an increase in pension.

Mr. Harrison's order to members of his Cabinet and the heads of department to take the stump for him was a shrewdly managed bit of politics. Mr. H. was far too smart to shock those who believed it wrong for member of his official family to leave their duties to engage in political work, but "there are other ways to kill a dog" etc. A few days 'Lige Halford, the President's Private Secretary, gave out a short but very carefully worded interview, in which he stated in substance that instead of being opposed to members of the Cabinet and other prominent officials going on the stump, as had been reported (doubtless by order), the President strongly favored their taking that method of rendering an account of their stewardship to the people. Now wasn't that a neat way of notifying the officials to get up and hustle? It had an immediate effect, and about every official who is of sufficient prominence to be listened to has already made arrangements to take the stump. It is said that Attorney General Miller, who lately stated in a published interview that he was opposed to federal officials making political speeches and believed their proper duty was to devote their time to what they were paid for, has been told that he must talk no more such foolishness during the campaign. He was excused for making the "break" because, as Mr. Harrison said, "Miller knows nothing about politics."

A new method of working the Department clerks for political contributions has been put into operation, which its originators claim is no violation of the Civil Service law. The clerk receives from his state republican association a circular letter asking him if he has any "suggestion" to make that will be beneficial to his party to call at a given address, and when he calls he is politely informed that he has been assessed five per cent of his salary, and that he had better loose no time in handing in the cash, One of these circulars was sent to a Missouri democratic clerk, who after calling and satisfying himself of the nature of the scheme laid the whole matter before the Civil Service Commission.

Pat. Egan, U. S. Minister to Chili, nwo here, says Mr. Blaine will take the stump for Harrison, but he will have to do so before Washington people will believe it.

### AARONSBURG.

**A Tramp Preacher's Sudden Death. A Series of Accidents.**

Jeremiah Winkleblech is suffering from throat trouble brought on by a cold contracted in the corn field.

Another of Mark Mooney's children died of diphtheria, making the third within two weeks. There is still one child sick but will recover.

W. H. Philips is now absent in Ohio, visiting his parents and brothers and sisters. He took with him his daughter Elsie, and expects to be away about two weeks.

Rev. David Shoemaker and wife and daughter Mrs. Stevenson, with her children, were in town for a few days visiting at Joseph Jordan's and at Mrs. Deshler's.

The cornet band have a teacher instructing them at present from Livonia, in the person of Mr. Kale. For the past year he taught the band at Livonia, Brush Valley, and the band at Green Burr, in Sugar Valley.

Thomas Yearick and wife are in Philadelphia making their annual visit to their sons. They first went to Mifflinburg and attended the centennial there, thence to New Berlin, and then on to Philadelphia.

Harry Mensch, in attempting to climb on a wagon while in motion slipped and his feet got into the wheel and before the driver of the wagon was made aware of it, the clothing was all torn off the boy and he was badly frightened.

A child of Charles Bressler, while playing in company with some other children, fell and broke its arm. We venture to say there is not another family in the valley that has had as many limbs fractured as Mr. Bressler's has had.

Joseph Horst, the tramp preacher who has traveled through these parts for many years, dropped down in the road last Friday evening near George Shafer's and was carried into his barn and died in a few minutes after being carried into the barn. He was quite an old man and in feeble health.

### DELAMATER CONVICTED.

The jury in the embezzlement cases against the Delamaters returned a verdict of guilty as to George Wallace Delamater and not guilty as to the other defendants. The jury stood ten for conviction and two for acquittal upon the first ballot Tuesday night. Mr. Delamater received the verdict without flinching. The defense will apply for a new trial, and will also question the legality of the act of 1889.

The defendant was a state senator for many years and the Republican candidate for governor in 1890. The embezzlement charges were the outgrowth of the failure of the Delamater banking company in December, 1890.

The charge upon which ex-Senator Delamater was convicted was statutory embezzlement; that is, the firm received deposits knowing themselves to be insolvent. Since his defeat for governor and the Meadville bank failure, the ex-senator has been practicing law at Seattle, Washington, and it has been said that he was likely to become prominent in politics on the Pacific slope. He has even been talked of for congressman. The penalty is a fine of not less than the sum of money embezzled and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year or more than six years in solitary confinement and at hard labor.

Charles J. Harrah, president of the Midvale steel works, and a strong Republican, recently declared in favor of free raw material. The Philadelphia *Press* ventured to question some of the Mr. Harrah's statements. He replied meeting the points of the *Press*, and furthermore thus treated the wage question as it relates to the iron and steel industry:

The tariff, as I understand it from the standpoint of all the Republican speakers that it has been my privilege to hear, was made chiefly for the benefit of the wage workers and the American mechanic. Will you kindly inform me how much of the benefit derived by the manufacturer from the McKinley bill goes into the pocket of the laborer or mechanic? What particular steel mill is it that is paying higher wages today than it paid in 1892? I confess I know of none, but then, perhaps I am ignorant in this, as on the other points.

Mr. Harrah will have no difficulty in finding mills that are paying much less.


Do not let a bad fruit season worry you; Bull's-Head Flavoring Extrats produce the fruit flavor. Try them when you bake cake again. Price 10 cents. a bottle.


——Potatoes wanted.—G. O. Benner.

## HIGH TREASON.

### THE HOMESTEAD LEADERS DEFIED THE LAW.

**Chief Justice Paxon Declares the Homestead Strikers by Their Organized Defiance of the Law Place Themselves Outside of its Pale. The Advisory Committee Committed High Treason.**

The unusual spectacle of the chief justice of the supreme court of the state sitting as a judge in the court of oyer and terminer of a county in the state, was witnessed by a large crowd in the criminal court room at Pittsburg on Monday morning when Chief Justic Paxson charged the grand jury as to what constituted treason against the state in the cases against the members of the Homestead strikers' advisory committee.

Upon the bench sat chief justice, Judges Stowe, McClung, Porter and Kennedy, while in the clerk's portion sat Judge Slagle. The room was crowded almost to suffocation. When court opened Judge Kennedy turned to the grand jury, and said that charges of treason having been made against certain persons, it seemed meet for the county court to request the highest judicial officer of the state to deliver the charge. After detailing the causes leading up to the Homestead strike, Justice Paxson said:

"The mutual right of the parties to contract in regard to wages and the character of the employment, whether by the piece or by the day, whether for ten hours or less, is fixed as any other right which we enjoy under the constitution and laws of this state. It is a right which belongs to every citizen, laborer or capitalist, and it is the plain duty of the state to protect them in the enjoyment of it.

Coming up to the formation of the advisory committee and the party taken by it in the strike, he said:

"It is alleged that the advisory committee did more than to induce others not to accept employment from the company; that it allowed no person to enter the mill of the Carnegie steel company, and even permitted no strangers to enter the town of Homestead without its consent; that it arranged an organization of a military character, consisting of three divisions with commanders, captains, &c., the captains to report to the division commanders, and the latter to report to the advisory committee."

He then detailed how the authority of the sheriff had been defied, the arrival of the Pinkertons, the following and finally the mobilization of the state troops adding:

"We can have some sympahty with a mob driven to desperation by hunger as in the days of the French revolution, but we have none for men receiving exceptionally high wages in resisting the law and resorting to violence and bloodshed in the assertion of imaginary rights, and entailing such a vast expense to the tax-payers of the commonwealth. It was not a cry for bread to feed their famishing lips, resulting in a sudden outrage, with good provocation, it is a deliberate attempt by men without authority to control others in the enjoyment of their rights."

The men had a right to refuse to work and persuade others to join them, but the moment they attempt to control the works and resorted to violence they placed themselves outside the pale of the law.

"If we were to concede to doctrine that the employee may dictate to his employer the terms of his employment and upon the refusal of the latter to accede to them to take possession of his property and drive others away willing to work we would have an anarchy. No business could be conducted on such a basis; that doctrine when once countenanced would be extended to every industry."

ORGANIZED DEFIANCE OF THE LAW.

The justice then defined as treason the organization of a large number of men in a common purpose to defy the law, resist its officers and to deprive any portion of their fellow citizens of their rights under the constitution and and laws. It is a state of war, said he, when a business plant has to be surrounded by the army of the state to protect it from unlawful violence at the hands of former employees.

"Every member of such asserted government, whether it be an advisory committee or by whatever name it is called, who has participated in such usurpation, who has joined in a common purpose of resistance to the law and a denial of the rights to other citizens, has committed treason against the state. While the definition of this offense is the designing or overturning of the government of the state, such intention need not extend to every portion of the territory.

"It is sufficient if it be an overturning of it in a particular locality, and such intent may be inferred from the acts committed. If you find from the evidence that the defendants have, or any of them has, committed, participated, and aided in any of the acts which I have defined to you as constituting the offense of treason, it will be your sworn duty to find a true bill against the party or parties so offending.

THE ROAD TO ANARCHY.

"We have reached the point in the history of the state where there are but two roads for us to persue; the one leads to order and good government, the other to anarchy. The one great question which concerns the people of this country is the enforcement of the law and the proservation of order.

"The company had the undoubted right to protect its property. For this purpose it would lawfully employ as many as it saw proper, and arm them if necessary, as long as the men employed by the company as watchmen to guard and protect its property acted only in that capacity and for that purpose.

"It matters not to the rioters nor to the public who they were nor from whence they came. It was an act of unlawful violence amounting at least to a riot upon the part of all concerned in it. If life was taken in pursuance of a purpose to resist the landing of the men by violence the offense was murder and perhaps treason.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

"The rights of the men, as before stated, were to refuse to work unless their terms were acceeded them, and to persuade others to join them in such refusal, but the law will sustain them no further. The moment they attempted to control the works and to prevent by violence or threats of violence other laborers from going to work there, they placed themselves outside the pale of the law.

"It is the duty of the state to protect every citizen within her borders. In this there is no distinction between the laborer and the capitalist; it protects each with equal impartiality When the state fails to do this it fails in its duty as sovereign, and it will protect with a firm hand the individual laborer from the tyranny and unlawful demands of organized labor.

"The law should be so enforced from the Delaware to the Ohio that the honest laborer can work for whom he pleases and at what wages he sees fit, undeterred by the bludgeon of the pistol of the assassin."

**Homestead Strikers Scared.**

The charge of Justic Paxson to the grand jury is an absorbing theme for discussion throughout the town of Homestead. The general opinion is that it augurs ill for the accused and they will have to make a defense in court before a jury. As a result there is some movement on the part of certain members of the advisory board to secure witnesses to prove that they were not members of the board at the time the alleged treasonable accounts were committed.

At the same time the locked out men are becoming very impatient at the tardiness of the grand jury in reporting upon the suits against the Carnegie steel company, and the impression is gaining that the bills will be ignored.

### COBURN.

**Occurrences During the Past Week About the Town.**

John Hoffa took in the Lewisburg fair on last Friday.

James E. Harter and wife spent Sunday with friends near Madisonburg.

The mountains present a very beautiful appearance with their variegated foliage.

On last Saturday a party of our nimrods shot a deer, the first one of the season.

S. M. Ulrich has taken the contract to stock Guisewite's saw mill in Little Sugar Valley.

The streams in this section are very low; much lower than they have been for a long time.

G. R. Stover, station agent, and his estimable wife are off on a short vacation to the Eastern cities.

Mrs. W. H. Kreamer, of Seagertown, is spending a few days with her numerous friends at this place.

George Ocker, of Centre Hall did a few days repair work for Luther Guisewite, at his grain house last week.

The Evangelical Sunday school of Paradise church will observe Childrens day on Sunday evening the 16th inst.

Our town was enlivened somewhat for a short time on Saturday evening, by the appearance of three Russians, with two well-trained bears, which kept the crowd in good humor by their queer antics.


Bull's-Head Horse and Cattle Powder has been in use for years. Farmers prefer it to all others, and they get their money's worth, as each package contains one pound. Sold by all dealers.


——Chestnuts wanted.—G. O. Benner.

## "NOT GUILTY."

### CHARLES SWENGEL ACQUITTED OF MURDER.

**The Jury Renders a Verdict of Acquittal in the Swengel Murder Trial in Snyder County.**

The case of Charles W. Swengel charged with the murder of his wife, Anna, by poisoning, terminated in the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty on last Friday evening. The trial took place in the Snyder county court, at Middleburg.

In the REPORTER last week the evidence in substance was given up to Tuesday evening, when the prosecution closed and the defense opened.

Swengel was placed on the stand and was subjected to a rigid examination by both the prosecution and defense, and witnesses were heard by the defense until Thursday evening when the counsel began their argument. The argument was opened by District attorney Miller on Friday morning, who reviewed the evidence dwelling particularly on that that pointed out the domestic infelicities. He was followed by H. U. Grim, for the defense, in an able argument. Jacob Gilbert, on the part of the commonwealth replied. The arguments of the attorneys consumed the entire forenoon of Friday and at the close of Gilberts' argument Judge McClure adjourned court until after dinner.

At 1.30 o'clock court convened and Fred Bower opened argument for the prisoner, dwelling particularly on the point of conviction of the prisoner on circumstantial evidence. His argument lasted about one hour and a half. When Mr. Bower concluded, Thomas J. Smith, on the part of the commonwealth followed in an eloquent address, and covered the ground gone over by his colleagues, and argued for over one hour.

At 3.45 Hon. J. C. Bucher, of Lewisburg, counsel for the prisoner, opened the concluding argument for the defense. He opened his argument with a preliminary statement regarding the new role in which he appeared before the Snyder county jurors. He had for twenty years presided over that court in the capacity of President Judge and when his defeat occurred last fall for reelection to the position which he had so long filled he could scarcely realize it. The scepter had departed from Judah, he said, and he felt it with full force, but he accepted the situation and stated that he was sorry he had ever left the position of an advocate, and that he would go to work to do his duty as a lawyer.

The able jurist then proceeded to riddle the evidence on the part of the commonwealth, and he summed up the evidence showing its weak points. His argument lasted about two hours, and when he concluded his argument the prisoner was so affected that he was in tears for the first time since the trial began. The flow of oratory which came from Judge Bucher was never before witnessed or heard in the courts of Snyder county. His argument was convincing, and at times his audience was in tears, being touched by the pathetic plea he made for the prisoner. The court house was crowded during the afternoon when it became known that Judge Bucher would begin his argument with those who desired to hear him in his new role as an advocate.

The audience was spell bound and not once during those two hours, did one person leave his seat to leave the court room. When he closed the argument court adjourned until seven o'clock in the evening.

At seven o'clock Mr. A. W. Potter, for the commonwealth, opened the concluding argument, and endeavored to offset the impression made by Judge Bucher. His argument lasted over one hour. Judge McClure immediately began his charge to the jury, which lasted about forty minutes. It was an able and impartial charge. All the evidence in the case was summed up and he instructed the jury that when there was any doubt on any point said doubt should be given for the benefit of the prisoner. He concluded his charge at 9.20 and the jury went out to determine on the verdict.

The audience slowly left the court house, and there was little conjecture as to the result of the verdict of the jury. The sentiment throughout was that Swengel would be acquitted, and it was expected that the jury would only be a short time in arriving at a verdict. The people slowly dispersed to their homes, but many still remained on the streets hoping for a verdict from the jury before retiring.

At 11.30 the ringing of the court house bell announced the fact that the jury had agreed on a verdict, and brought the populace from their homes to the court house. The jury had filed into the court room, which was about half filled in a few minutes. An officer was sent to bring the prisoner and at 11.45 he was brought in. The roll of jury was called and all responded to their names, and when asked by the clerk what their verdict was, all responded in unison, "not guilty." The verdict was no sooner announced than young Swengel leaped from his seat, shook hands with the jury and thanked them and Judge McClure. His mother fell to weeping, bordering on hysterics, and while muttering "Thank God" shook hands with the jurors and Judge McClure, and thanked them for acquitting her son. It was a most dramatic scene and one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it.

During the entire trial young Swengel sat in almost the same position in the court room. He was seated at a table, and leaned his head on his left arm. It was supposed by all in attendance that he would be acquitted, as the evidence was all circumstantial and of a nature upon which he could not be convicted. He is quite a young man, and the confinement left him pale and thin. His parents and sisters sat by his side during the trial, along with several other of his relatives.

### THE FIRST MAP.

**A Valuable Historical Document in a Lock Haven Man's Possession.**

William P. Mitchell, surveyor of Lock Haven, according to the *Democrat* of that place has in his possession the first map of Pennsylvania ever printed. The said map was gotten up by James Nevil for William Scull and bears the date of April 4, 1770. The map is directed to Williams, Richard and John Penn, proprietary owners of the province of Penn. But eight counties are marked. They are Northampton, Berks, Cumberland, York, Chester Philadelphia, Bucks and Lancaster. The above mentioned counties were all that there were in the state at that time. All that was known of the remaining portion of the state was that was gleaned from surveyors and explorers. Of course much of the remaining territory had been surveyed previous to that time and the country in this section was party settled. Fort Pitt, where Pittsburg now stands, is marked on the map, as is also Bald Eagle's nest, near where the town of Milesburg now stands.

The big spring or fountain from which the town of Bellefonte received its name and now receives its water supply is marked as the Big Spring. So that it is evident that surveyors visited this section previous to 1770. The map in question is printed on light parchment and pasted on muslin. It was purchased by Mr. Mitchell from the state of Major A. H. McHenry, af Jersey Shore. It is certainly a valuable relic and one well worth preserving. What changes have taken place since that map was made. Where are the Penns? Not one person who bears their name sleeps beneath the soil of the Keystone state. Not one of their decendants own a foot of land in the state they created. The site of, of Fort Pitt is occupied by two rich and populous cities. The big spring furnishes water to a town of nearly 6,000 inhabitants.

The Bald Eagle has flown from his nest; where once the smoke of his wigwam curled now stands a prosperous village. The changes of the past century have been many. From eight counties we now have sixty-seven. Who can tell what the changes of the next hundred years will bring? None, no not one.

This year being the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, all the large towns and cities are celebrating the event and doing honor to Columbus by gorgeous pageants. The children of the schools participate in the parades, and the decorations are profuse along all the streets. New York, Philadelphia and other large cities have given several days to the celebration of the event, each day's program having something new.

Americus Vespucious got the country named after himself but Columbus gets all the honors. In 400 years, from 1492 to 1892, great events have followed the discovery of the New World, and no 400 years in the world's history chronicles greater and more important things.

### OLD CENTRE O. K.

There is nothing wrong with the Democracy of old Centre; as far as we can learn the entire ticket, national, state and county, will receive the undivided support of the Democracy. The opposition have not yet been able to pick a flaw anywhere. A united Democracy means 800 majority for our nominees in this county.

Happy the Empire state—she is out of debt. Comptroller Campbell notified Governor Flower that the State of New York is practically free of debt. The obligations of the State now outstanding aggregate $450,000, while the cash balance in the treasury is nearly $2, 000,000.

# SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

## ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE

### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger

A STORY comes here from Tecumseh, in the Pottawatomie country, Oklahoma, that seems to be well authenticated. It is to the effect that between Tecumseh and Purcell, on the banks of the Canadian river, lives John James, a negro, with his wife and half dozen children. One day a seven-year-old son took the baby, aged eight months, out for a ride in his wagon. Soon after the boy rushed into the house naked and stated that he had gone in swimming and left the baby in the wagon on the bank. Suddenly the wagon started down on the bank, and it and the baby plunged into the river and sank out of sight. The parents ran to the stream, but could find no traces of the baby. Help was secured and the river was dragged, but though the wagon was soon pulled out no baby could be found, and after three days the searchers gave up and funeral services were held in memory of the little one. A few days after the funeral the father and brother of the drowned child succeeded in landing an immense catfish that had swallowed the hook on their set lines. What was their horror, when they came to clean the fish, to find within its stomach the remains of the missing child. The body was badly mutilated. The remains of the child were replaced in a coffin with some portions of the fish, from which they could not be well separated, and another funeral was held.

THE Grand Duke George, the Czar's second son, who, ever since his enforced return, through illness, from his Indian tour has been under medical treatment for pulmonary disease, has been living at Abbas Tuman, in the Caucasus. A private letter from the place states that His Imperial Highness is undergoing a most remarkable course of treatment. The walls in his apartments are bare and unpapered, the furniture is of plain wood or cane, without upholstering or stuff covering of any kind, and his bed consists only of the thinnest of mattresses. Throughout the past winter only a very moderate fire has been kept up, while the windows of the Grand Duke's room have been continuously open. His attendants have suffered dreadfully from the cold, but his medical advisers hold that this low temperature is very beneficial to their imperial patient, as it tends to destroy the bacillus and prevent the formation of tubercles. They maintain that the progress of the disease has been arrested, and express hopes that if the treatment which they prescribe is persevered with the Grand Duke will in two years' time have completely recovered.

AT 3.30 o'clock in the morning a daughter was born to the Emperor and Empress of Germany. This little daughter is the seventh child of her royal parents, and in consequence, if the legends be true concerning the seventh child, will be lucky all the days of her life. A multitude of legends and an atmosphere of superstitious reverence have in all time and in all ages clustered about the number seven. To this day in Cornwall and in certain parts of Ireland the belief is firmly fixed in the minds of the peasantry that the touch of the seventh child of a seventh child is a certain cure for the king's evil or scrofula, and one man who lived in Bristol, England, was called doctor till his death simply because he happened to be a seventh son. He was a ropemaker by trade.

A TRAVELER describes a strange formation in Mitchell County, Texas, which, in our time at least, will be a reminder of the days when the buffalo roamed the plains of the great West. "At the junction of two creeks," he writes, "is a bed of friable gray sandstone mixed with coarse gravel. Water passing over the ledge has worn away a part of it, and has created a fall of thirty feet. The loose gravel carried round and round in the eddies has gradually bored holes in the sandstone. These holes are from three to six feet wide, circular, and from 50 to 100 feet deep. There are from fifteen to twenty of them, all filled with fresh water. By the long-continued churning of the gravel they have been made jug-shaped or cistern-like, and in some instances the wall dividing two wells has been cut through. This must have been a favorite watering-place with the buffalo. In the solid rock is cut a deep trail down to the water. And where the descent is steepest the footmarks are over six inches deep, showing that every animal passing there put its foot exactly in the spot occupied by those which had preceded it."

AN extraordinary story about stamps has been recalled by the recent death, at eighty-four years, of Miss Penelope Every, of Derby, England. About 1850 a paragraph went the rounds of the press to the effect that a wealthy and eccentric individual had announced his determination to send his daughter to a nunnery unless she could collect in a given time an almost impossible number of cancelled postage stamps. Miss Every applied to a friend who had interested himself in the case, and by some misunderstanding a second paragraph was published associating Miss Every's name with the task of collecting stamps towards the ransom. Immediately Egginton Hall—the residence of her father—was inundated with English and foreign stamps to the number of 2,500,000. The invasion was so great that Miss Every was obliged to ask in the papers that no further supplies might be sent. The letters which accompanied many of the consignments were bound up into portly volumes, and they might yet be seen in the family library.

IN Oldtown is a man who is making money fast out of clams, though he is at present feeding the clams to his pigs, says the Boston Transcript. He keeps a hotel and has bonded a clam flat down around Mount Desert. His clams arrive each day. He keeps them two weeks, feeding them on celery meal and Indian meal. They laugh and grow fat. Then he boils them, a bushel at a time. He puts in a quart of water and takes out eight quarts. The water is strained and set aside for a day in a refrigerator. Then it is heated, seasoned with salt and pepper and sold for five cents a glass. He has a big trade. A bushel of clams delivered costs 60 cents. He feeds them 40 cents' worth. He gives a four-ounce drink. There are thirty-two drinks in a gallon and sixty-four drinks are secured from a bushel of clams. Net profit on a bushel of clams, $2.20, and he sells on some days six gallons. Many try to imitate him, but no one knows how to feed the clams as he does. His pigs grow fast, moreover.

BAILEY HOOVER, a young man employed on the Curtiss ranch near Woodlands, Cal., reports a strange experience with birds. He was driving a single horse and buggy from the Fair ranch. When about two miles from Knight's Landing he was suddenly startled out of a doze by myriads of birds which swarmed down upon him, screaming angrily and flying at him. The air was literally black with them, and they viciously attacked the horse, which was frightened into a frantic effort to run away. The young man was scared beyond his powers of description. He fought the birds off with his whip and, directing the horse as best he could, was soon beyond their pursuit. He said they were nearly all blackbirds, although there appeared to be other species among the army of his winged enemies.

"THE amount of moisture a letter of two or three pages will carry," says a business man, "is enormous and is frequently heavy enough to turn the scale and call for more postage. A large batch of mail matter of mine was reported 'held for postage' not long ago, and on going to the postoffice I found it weighed well within the limit. It was explained, however, that the mail was damp when delivered, and that the water soaked up by the paper must be paid for, although it has since evaporated, which seems to indicate that it is economical to copy letters at least an hour or two before mailing them."

H. C. LOCKLIN of Monroe, Ga., has a monstrosity in the way of a spider. The insect is undoubtedly a spider. Its legs and lower part of the body are of a white color, but a lead-colored shell like a terrapin's, covers the small body. Upon the convex surface of the shell which is about as large as a man's thumbnail, there is imprinted the closest possible resemblance to the human face. Although exceedingly minute, the features are perfect in proportion and appearance, and the tiny skull is realistic and frightful.

JOHN A. STAPLES, of Newburg, N. Y., who recently invented a chair spring, has sold forty-nine shares of his patent for $20,000. The inventor retains fifty-one shares of the stock and the control of the invention. Mr. Staples' idea originated in a dream. He dreamed one night of the uncomfortable chairs that he had noticed in a far away hotel and how he would rig up a chair if he set about to do so. The next day he thought of this dream and at once set about getting the idea into shape. The scheme as outlined in the dream was followed and as a result Mr. Staples rigged up a novel and comfortable chair.

DURING a recent rainstorm at Ulverston, England, the monument on the Hill of Hood was taken possession of by a vast army of ants. They filled the staircase, crowded the floors, and swarmed the rooms to the dome, 150 feet high. The attendants carried them out by basketfuls. The other week the same thing occurred, and though to some their conduct seems extraordinary, it is nothing to be wondered at that creatures intelligent enough to appoint monarchs, elect parliaments, maintain military discipline, build houses, and keep slaves, should "know enough to go in when it rains."

THERE is an ancient superstition that the milk of red cows is better than that given by cows of any other color. A Frenchman travelling through Great Britain early in the eighteenth century noted that cows were oftener black than red in England, and that on this account the milk of red cows was preferred to those of black cows. He added that the contrary was true of France. References to the virtue of the red cow occur at various points in English literature, and among the sacrifices enjoyed for purification from sin in the Hebrew scriptures is a red heifer.

REFERENCE has been made to the crowded condition of New York city, where there is an average of nearly nineteen persons to every dwelling. Further investigation shows that over forty-two per cent. of the houses are tenements. Out of 312,766 families only 37,604 live in houses by themselves, leaving 275,162 families living under the same roof with other people. There are 8,762 dwellings which contain over ten families each. Rents are very high, apartments in a flat renting for more than a whole house in other cities, and the purchase of a house, even on the instalment plan, offers grave objections. New York has been called "the landlord's paradise."

A TRANSVAAL paper says of Mr. Stanley's achievements: "It would be easy for President Kruger to name 1,000 burghers who would have gone as far for half the price as did Mr. Stanley. There are indeed many Boers who have done as much as Mr. Stanley has done, and more, in the way of African exploration, whose names are unknown, and who themselves think nothing of their different treks. The extraordinary success of Mr. Stanley in attaining world-wide renown is an excellent proof of what advertising can do.

AN affecting incident was witnessed at a concert in Vienna. A lady had just performed a piece on the piano, composed by a resident of the city, and was enthusiastically applauded. She bowed repeatedly, and then rushed off the stage, to return presently, leading the composer forward. He kissed his hand when the fresh applause greeted him, and pointed to the lady, intimating that to her the credit was due. He could not see the audience, for he is blind.

SOMETHING wonderful in the clock line has been constructed by a mechanic in Warsaw, Poland. It represents a railway station with a clock-tower giving the time in four countries. Trains run into or depart from the station every fifteen minutes. Station agents, telegraphers, ticket-sellers, with lines of passengers, are seen in action, and the usual bustle and tumult of a station are heard and seen, bells ringing, whistles blowing, etc.

## A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

### What Shellac Is, and the Uses to Which It is Put.

What makes your Derby stiff? Shellac. What is sealing wax? Shellac principally. What is shellac? It is the product of a composite mass that is found on the young twigs and branches of the butea, croton and other trees that grow in the countries of the east. Shellac is consumed in great quantities all over the world in commerce and in arts. It is kept in the shops and warehouses in large hogsheads. It varies in color and thinness and is transparent. It comes in broken pieces of irregular sizes, some of it being very thin.

The crude mass from which shellac is obtained is produced by a small insect (Cocars lacca) resembling somewhat the cochineal. The insect is hatched, matures and dies on these twigs. A number of female insects, with a few males, fasten themselves upon the tender twig and puncture the bark. A tenacious fluid exudes and envelops them. The insects feed upon this juice, derive their nourishment from it and deposit their eggs within it. The males only have wings, and as soon as the females begin to die a few females and the males go to other trees. After the females that remain in this gelatinous mass have deposited their eggs and have died, the eggs hatch out the young insect. The young burrow through the dead bodies of their mothers to the surface of the mass and cover the neighboring branches. The eggs are deposited close to the bark, so that they are protected by their mother's bodies and by the mass that has exuded and enveloped the female insects. Finally the young twigs are completely covered with a thick, hard, resinous substance. When the females die the frames of their bodies form little cells like those of a honeycomb. As a result of decomposition there are the elements of a beautiful purple dye.

When these twigs have been sufficiently loaded with this resinous mass the natives of the countries in which these trees grow strip the trees of these twigs and break them into small sticks. These pieces are called sticklac. These broken twigs are immersed in hot water and the hot, resinous substance is kneaded by the hands to press out the purple dyestuff. After the gelatinous mass has become sufficiently soft it is taken out and dried. It is then put into coarse cloth bags and suspended close to the charcoal fires. Presently the mass begins to melt. By twisting the bags the mass is squeezed out, dropping onto flat sticks placed for that purpose. As it is dropping from the bags it hardly strikes the sticks before it is cooled by the air. It forms into thin cakes as it is deposited on these sticks on narrow, flat boards and dries. These cakes or sheets are called shellac. As the melted mass is dropping from the cloth bags small drops unavoidably fall to the ground and dry in little round bodies called cottonlac. Other and larger pieces that also fall to the ground and dry are called platelac.

The liquid in which the sticklac or small pieces of the twigs covered with the crude mass was soaked is now filled with the results of decomposition and other matters. It is strained and evaporated until the residue is a purple mass. The residue is thoroughly dried and cut into cakes about two inches square, which are stamped with certain marks which indicate the quality of the dye. They are then carefully packed for the market. The purple dye obtained from this source is used to a great extent. The beautiful scarlet shade in soldier's cloth is produced by the use of this purple dye. The annual consumption of this dye, according to the Boston Globe, amounts to 1,200,000, pounds.

The lac insect is a native of Siam, Assam, Burmah, Bengal and Malabar. The proportion of males to females is 1 to 5,000. The best shellac is that which is most completely freed from impurities and which approaches nearest to a light orange brown color. If the coloring matter is not all washed out the rosin is very often dark; consequently there are different varieties, such as orange, garnet and liver. The juice of the trees is somewhat changed by the insects, so that if anyone tells you that shellac is "a rosin" he is not correctly informed. Shellac is not the simple juice of the tree, but it is the result of the action of the insects upon the juice of rosin. Shellac contains several peculiar rosins.

### Checking a Cavalry Charge.

"I shall never forget the first time I was under fire," said Colonel Thomas Crenshaw, to a party of veterans who where fighting their battles o'er again in the rotunda of the Laclede. "We were supporting a battery and had lain down on a stretch of ground as level as a ballroom. The Confeds were beyond rifle shot, but they opened on us with artillery, and they did everlastingly plough up the ground with shot and shell. Every old soldier knows that artillery fire at long range is not half so much to be dreaded as the rattle of musketry, which sounds on the battle-field like Chinese firecrackers in a thunderstorm, but it is a good deal more 'skeery to a novice. There we lay for half an hour, never moving a finger, watching the puffs of flame from a dozen cannon and the shells come tearing through the air with their fiendish shriek, apparently headed directly for our faces. I tell you, a position of that kind tries the very soul of your raw recruit. Give him a chance to shoot back and he is all right, but fighting is one thing and waiting to get killed without striking a blow is quite another. But there was more ahead of us. After the artillery duel had raged for some time a regiment of Confederate cavalry debouched from the wood with all the deliberation and precision of a dress parade. They were Mississippians, tall, athletic fellows who sat their horses like centaurs. They halted and dressed ranks while the batteries behind them hurled a perfect rain of shells over their heads. We could see their Colonel riding down the line and pointing with his sword to our battery, which was plunging shells in among them with frightful rapidity, but little effect. They advanced a step or two, every horseman seeming to choose his ground. Here they come, slowly, steadily, like a great gray wave, conscious of irresistible power. The bugle rings out sharp and shrill, they break into a quick trot, 800 sabres leap into the air and the stars and bars stream out on the smoky background like a portentous meteor. On they come: 800 yards, 700, 600! Gads! has our battery gone silent? Five hundred, 400! charge! Every spur sinks deep, the 'rebel yell' rises from every throat and the column leaps forward like a thunderbolt, into the face of which crashes the canister from our four 6-pounders. Great ragged holes are torn through the four-deep column, but they close instantly and if comes on unchecked. Now it is our turn! We are in front of the battery, in the pathway of the avalanche. We pour a volley into it at eighty yards! A hundred brave men reel out of their saddles, a hundred horses go plunging to their knees! The line wavers! Another volley and another! The line breaks and suddenly retreats, while we swing our caps and cheer and hug each other for joy.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Foreign Paper Money.

The Bank of England note is five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white with ragged edges. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denomination from the twenty-five-franc note to the 1,000 franc. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and that Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing languages engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from five to 1,000 marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fiber paper. The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and 10 lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The 100-rouble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center in bold relief stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catharine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light-colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.—[Commercial Gazette.

### The Taste of Horseflesh.

Probably all of our readers know that in Paris old and decrepit horses are taken to slaughtering houses and killed, and the meat sold in the same way our beef is sold. In fact, this business is becoming quite important in the French metropolis, and the number of slaughtering houses and places where meat is sold has increased wonderfully during the past few years. But you will wonder how the horseflesh tastes. We cannot tell you how it tastes to the native Parisian, but we give the experience of an American army officer who was compelled to eat the meat of horses.

"You never ate horseflesh, I suppose," said Lieutenant Russell, of the 7th United States Cavalry. "I have seen the time when I ate it with genuine relish, and that, too, without any salt. It was in 1877, during General Miles's Nez Perces campaign. We had followed the renegades up the Missouri to its confluence with the Yellowstone, and the chase was so exciting that we didn't realize how low our larder was getting until it was drained, and we were getting too far away from the base of supplies to replenish it. The game had all been driven out of the country ahead of us by the fleeing Indians, and when we finally caught up with the redskins, and forced them to fight, we had almost nothing to eat for several days. We captured about 700 ponies from the Indians, some of them so round and sleek and fat as to appear to us the finest meat in the world. Our butchers killed the youngest and fattest of the ponies that night after the battle, and as soon as they were skinned and dressed we had a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green with envy. We lived on this pony meat several days. It was cooked without salt, and roasted over a spit, like a barbecued beef. The meat had a peculiar sweet taste, not at all palatable, when I think of it now, and it was so fibrous that we could pull it apart in great strings. But it kept us from starving, and I, therefore, can heartily recommend pony meat to people in dire straits."—[American Farmer.

### An Under Valued Product.

The origin of maize, or Indian corn, is unknown, but it was first cultivated by white men on the James River, Virginia, 1608. It is, says Mr. C. J. Murphy, about the only product of America that is not appreciated in Europe. American wheat, cotton, fruits and meats are now well known in the world's markets, but maize is still shunned for use in the human dietary of the British Isles and most of the Continent. Yet analysis proves that the nutritive value of maize cannot be less than five-sixths of that of wheat. This food is, moreover, of remarkable healthfulness, and dyspepsia was hardly known in America fifty years ago, when maize was the principal food. A surprising number of delicacies and inexpensive dishes is now supplied, not less than 130 recipes for boiling, baking and cooking this great staple having been tested and approved. The annual surplus of maize in the United States is enormous. It is used for feeding cattle and hogs, making glucose, starch, beer and whiskey, and recently for producing oil. No part of the plant is lost. The fodder is valuable food for animals, and has been used as fuel in treeless parts of the West, while the husks are made into paper, or employed for filling mattresses, packing fruits, and wrapping cigars.

# THE SONG OF THE PEAR-TREE

(From the French.)

I.

A pear-tree stood at the end of the village. In the spring-time it seemed like a nosegay of flowers. The gardener's lodge stood back from the road; the gardener's daughter was called Perrine.

We were lovers.

II.

She was sixteen. What roses in her cheeks! As many blossoms as there were on the pear-tree. It was beneath the pear-tree that I said to her:

"Perrine, my Perrine, when will you marry me?"

III.

Everything smiled about her; her hair, in which the wind played gently; her figure; her bare feet in their wooden shoes; her hands which drew down the overhanging boughs to breathe in the perfume of the flowers; here pure brow; her teeth, white between her red lips. Ah! I loved her dearly.

"Our wedding will be in the harvest-time," she said, "if the Emperor does not carry you off as a soldier."

IV.

When the day for the drawing of lots arrived, I lighted my taper; the idea of leaving her was more than I could bear. The Holy Virgin be praised! But to Jean, my foster-brother, a worse lot fell.

I found him weeping and saying: "Mother, my poor mother!"

V.

"Console yourself, Jean; I am an orphan, and will go in your stead," I said to him impulsively.

He would not believe me.

Perrine stood under the pear-tree, her eyes filled with tears. They were more beautiful than her smiles.

She said to me: "You have done a noble thing. See, my Pierre, I will wait for you."

VI.

Right, left, right, left! Forward, march! So we reached Wagram. Pierre, be brave! Here is the enemy. I saw a line of fire. There were 500 cannons thundering at once, and smoke oppressed the lungs and blood soaked the feet.

I was afraid and looked behind me.

VII.

Behind me was the village and the pear-tree whose blossoms had changed into fruit. I closed my eyes and saw Perrine, who was praying for me. God be praised! Pierre, be brave! Forward, forward! Right, left! Aim, fire! Charge bayonet!

"Ah, ah! the recruit does well. Boy, what is your name?"

"Monsieur, my name is Pierre."

"Pierre, I make you a corporal!"

VIII.

Perrine, O my Perrine! Corporal! Hurrah for war! The day of battle is a holiday. To rise in the army all that is necessary is to put one foot foremost. Left, right.

"Was it you, Pierre?"

"Yes, your majesty."

I received my epaulets.

There were plenty on the shoulders of the dead.

IX.

"Monsieur, a thousand thanks"—and on to Moscow!

On the vast snow-covered plains a road marked by the dead; here, the river; there, the enemy; on both sides, death!

"Who will place the first pontoon!"

"I, Monsieur."

"Always you, Captain."

He gave me his cross.

X.

God be praised! Perrine, my Perrine, you will be proud of me. The campaign is ended and I have my leave.

Ring, bells, for our wedding. The road is long, but hope travels fast. Down there, behind that hill, there is the village.

I recognized the belfry. The bells are ringing.

XI.

Ringing, but the pear tree? The month of flowers has come, but still I do not see the flower-laden branches. I had always seen them from afar. That was because I used to come on foot. They had cut down the tree of my early love.

The blossoms had come. All the bright blossoms, but its branches lay scattered on the ground.

XII.

"Why are the bells ringing, Matthieu?"

"For a wedding, Monsieur Le Capitaine."

Matthieu did not know me.

A wedding! He told the truth. The bride and groom ascended the steps of the church.

The bride was Perrine, my Perrine, joyous and more beautiful than ever. Jean, my brother, was the bridegroom.

XIII.

The people around me were saying, "They love each other."

"But Pierre," I asked.

"What Pierre?" they answered. They had forgotten me.

XIV.

I knelt at the church door. I prayed for Perrine and I prayed for Jean; all that I loved on earth.

The service over, I gathered a blossom from the pear-tree—a poor little withered blossom and went on my way without looking back.

God be praised. They love each other. They will be happy.

XV.

"Monsieur!"

"You are back already, Pierre?"

"Yes."

"You are only two-and-twenty. You will be a General, and you will be knighted. If you wish I will give you a countess for a wife."

Pierre took from his breast a withered flower, picked from the fallen pear tree.

"Monsieur, my heart is like this. I wish a post in the vanguard, where I can die as a Christian soldier."

XVI.

The post in the vanguard was given him.

At the end of the village there is the grave of a Colonel killed on the day of victory—two-and-twenty.

In place of a name there are these three words:

"God be praised!"

### THE CHILKAT INDIANS.

#### Their Strange Character and Change of Customs.

From an article on "Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska," by E. J. Glave, in the Century the following quotation is made: "The old-time Chilkat, dressed in skins and furs obtained from the inland tribes, had his garments picturesquely fringed, and tasseled, and beaded, and woven in with stained swanquills. He wore bracelets of copper, and carried copper spears, knives, and arrows. He was a warrior, and lived but to perish in battle. In those days no ceremony was complete unless attended by human sacrifice; execution of slaves was of frequent occurrence, for superstitious belief deemed disaster and illness the doing of angry spirits, only to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. Tribal wars and hand-to-hand fights followed from the slightest disagreement.

"It was the custom then for all the young men in the village to plunge each morning, winter and summer, into the chilly stream, stay in the icy waters till benumbed with cold, and then to thrash one another with stout-thonged whips till circulation and animation were thoroughly restored. This novel apprenticeship is said to have had the effect of creating unusual stamina, producing the ability to withstand cold and hunger, and deadening feeling. The Indians say that a warrior thus trained, though mortally wounded, would face his foe and cut and stab while life remained. In such duels they protected their heads with wooden helmets, shaped in design according to their nation; they also wore buckskin shirts, and bound their arms with strips of leather. Gormandizing competitions used to be a popular form of entertainment; an immense trough, called Klook-Ook-Tsik, 14 feet long, 14 inches in width, and 15 in depth, was filled with meats, bear and mountain-goat, fish berries, and oil. . . .

The present generation of Chilkat Indians is fast relinquishing tribal customs and ceremonies, and is taking but little interest in the history of its ancestors. Dances are no longer held in which family head-dresses and costumes are worn. The great wooden banqueting-trough is now embedded in moss and in grass that grows between the floor-boards in the house where once old 'Kay Tsoo' assembled his followers by drum-beat, despatched them on the trail for war or trade, declared the guilty and the innocent, and condemned to death as he willed. . . .

"In character these Indians are a strange composition—unemotional, morose, unsympathetic, superstitious, indifferent to death, without the slightest idea of gratitude, and having an astonishing respect for the property of others. When on a trading-journey, or out hunting, they will leave their belongings hanging on bushes along the trail; and snow shoes, sometimes a musket, blankets, a leg of smoked bear, a dried salmon, are frequently noticed along an Indian path. . . .

"An incident happened to us which demonstrates their utter want of feeling for the interests of others. While at one of our camps a party of Indians returned from a journey to the interior which they had made on snow-shoes. I noticed that their chief, Klenta Koosh, was not with them on their return, and I asked of one of the Indians, 'Kusu Klenta Koosh' ('Where is Klenta Koosh')? 'Klake sekoo, klake setteen' ('I don't know. I have not seen him'). Then he explained that he had not seen the chief for three days. While crossing the mountains they were caught in a dense fog; the party kept together for a time by calling constantly to one another, but finally the voice of the chief grew fainter and fainter, and then could no longer be heard. In the same breath with this explanation the Indian asked me, 'Have the salmon started to run up our river?' I ignored his question, and asked again, 'But where is Klenta Koo hi?' As if disgusted at my interest in such a trivial matter, the man answered quite snappishly, 'I don't know; either he has been killed by a bear or drowned crossing one of the swollen streams.'"

### Friday Not the Most Unlucky Day.

A statistician of the German Government has come to the rescue of those persons who do not share the wide-spread superstition that Friday is the most unlucky day of the week. A short time ago he determined to make a scientific investigation of this question, using for the purpose, among other things, the records of the department of compulsory insurance. The most fatal or unfortunate week-day, according to the investigator, is not Friday, but Monday. Sixteen and seventy-four hundredths per cent. of all accidents, it seems, occurred on that day; 15.51 per cent. on Tuesday, 16.31 per cent. on Wednesday, 15.47 per cent. on Thursday, 16.38 per cent. on Friday, the same per cent. on Saturday, and 2.69 per cent. on Sunday. Comment upon the small percentage of accidents on the first day of the week is unnecessary. The compiler of the table, however, attributes the large relative number of accidents on Monday "to the excessive amount of liquor consumed on Sunday."

### Origin of the Liberty Cap.

When the Romans manumitted a slave his head was adorned with a small red cloth cap. As soon as this was done he was known as a libertinus or freedman, and his name was registered among others of the city's "tribes."

In the year 263, when Saturninus invaded the capital, says the New Orleans Picayune, he hoisted a cap on the point of his spear, to indicate that all slaves who rallied around this standard should be free. This was the origin of the liberty cap, still used in art as a symbol.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

**Subject: "Launch Out Into the Deep."**

TEXT: *"Launch out into the deep."*—Luke v., 4.

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting His staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes in Rome and in Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve bookworms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead He takes a group of men who had never made a speech, never taken a lesson in belleslettres; never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy and hard knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts.

The opening work of the church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about Him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the seashore, and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry need more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill race to turn the one and to grind the other.

He chose fishermen also because they were used to hard knocks. The man who cannot stand assault is not fit for the ministry. It always has been and always will be rough work, and the man who, at every censure or caricature, sits down to cry had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll babies. A man who cannot preach because he has forgotten his manuscript or lost his spectacles ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves and from sermons in black morocco covers! These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the sternest of all colleges.

When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship they entered the Sophomore, when washed off by a great wave, they entered the Junior; when floating for two days without food or drink on a plank they came to the Senior, and when at last their ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus came aboard with one of these bronzed men, Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ; "what is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out into the deep."

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we cannot "clew down the mizzen toosail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ commanding us, as He did Simon on that day when bright Galilee sat in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup, "Launch out into the deep."

This divine counsel comes first to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age and without spectacles—not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Wolby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four years of age in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask how or why, and if they see some Christian becoming inquisitive about the deep things of God they say: "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore."

My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better if you have the right kind of ship. If you have worldly philosophy for the hulk, and pride for a sail, and self conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft, the farther you go the better, and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs Christ will still command, "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amid the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal thrashing floor, amid the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amid the flying chariots of the Golden City.

Ask who Jesus is, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every blind man come to sunlight, of every coin in a fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wrathful sea pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of His mother, of Augustus, of Herod, of the Syrophœnician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death sleep, of Joseph, who had Him buried, of the angel posted as sentinel at His tomb, of the dumb earth that shook and groaned and thundered when He died.

A missionary in France offered a Bible in an humble dwelling. The man took it, tore out a dozen pages and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the missionary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war, and his Bible had been sent back home. The missionary took it up and saw that it was the very same Bible that he had left in the house and from which the leaves had been torn. The dying soldier had written on one of the leaves of the Bible, "Rejected and scoffed at, but finally believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witticism by some, but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow in death and our joy for eternity.

Walk all up and down this Bible domain! Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house until they know what is in every room and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the skylights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the oriental proverb, "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when heaven is raining gold."

Passing from Bonn to Coblentz on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblentz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more luxuriant vineyards, and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched they would bleed their rich life away into the bowls of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness.

And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor—at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink and crowded with castles of strength—Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved—and our disembarkation at last in the evening amid the lights that gleam from the shore of heaven. The trouble is that the vast majority of Bible voyages stop at Coblentz, where the chief glories begin.

The sea of God's Word is not like Gennessaret, twelve miles by six, but boundless, and in any one direction you can sail on forever. Why then confine yourself to a short psalm or to a few verses of an epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away, O ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep!

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of the State, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day or night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

Christian character is to come up to higher standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one Robert M'Cheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when we will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those I have mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch and give you notice in time, if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology.

One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from everything but God? Give not to Him that formal petition made up of "O's"—"O Lord" this and "O Lord" that. When people are cold and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's" and "Forever and ever. Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want with the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrow it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half and half Christian life, and with new determination, and new plans, and new expectations launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all the unforgiven. Every sinner would come to God if he thought he might come just as he is. People talk as though the pardon of God were a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sins draw too much water to enter it. No: it is not a river nor a bay, but a sea. I should like to persuade you to launch out into the great deep of God's mercy. I am a merchant. I have bought a cargo of spices in India. I have, through a bill of exchange, paid for the whole cargo. You are a ship captain. I give you the orders and say, "Bring me those spices." You land in India. You go to the trader and say, "Here are the orders," and you find everything all right. You do not stop to pay the money yourself. It is not your business to pay it. The arrangements were made before you started. So Christ purchases your pardon. He puts the papers, or the promises, into your hand. Is it wise to stop and say, "I cannot pay for my redemption?" God does not ask you to pay. Relying on what has been done, launch out into the deep.

The Bible's promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters, but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid sea of God's mercy! "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood red they shall be snow white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the Father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Simson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin that this Redeemer cannot pardon?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to Him than the anthems of heaven; more to Him than the throne on which He sits; more to Him than are the temples of celestial worship is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his Father's house. Hear it, all ye Nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest, entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls in the tomb of sin will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God the echo would drop from afar, not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels flying the news, for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

---

MRS. RICHARD KING, widow of the biggest cattle owner in Texas, whose ranch is the largest in the world, has bought the Gunter herd of shorthorn cattle, some eleven hundred head, paying therefor $100,000. She will remove them to the King ranch near Corpus Christi. This is the biggest sale of registered cattle ever made in Texas.

## MISSING LINKS.

THE best draft horses in the country are reared in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

THE flavor of an ostrich egg is excellent, and one egg makes an ordinary meal.

MORE than 1,500,000 copies of Zola's novels, exclusive of translations, have been sold.

THE first folio 1623 edition of Shakspeare is under process of reproduction by means of photography.

DURING the last financial year the German Government paid away $1,-990,000 in pensions to naval and military officers.

OUT of fifty-two artists who have been singing this season at Covent Garden (London) Italian opera only four are genuine Italians.

THE religious fatalism in the Hindoos' life extends also to their intellectual state. In grammar, as in faith, kismet rules supreme.

THE great cantilever bridge at Niagara Falls is entirely composed of steel. It is 810 feet in length, weighs 3,000 tons and cost $900,000.

IN England they do not chew gum, looking at the habit as vulgar and low, but the Australians have already taken kindly to it and are indulging freely.

THE Military Weekly of Berlin says that there have been 194 ministers of war in Spain during the century, the average time of service being six months.

A DEXTER woman became so infatuated with the Christian scientist theory that she laid away her false teeth, thinking that her natural ones would grow again.

OUT of a total of 73,034 paupers in almshouses in the United States in the year covered by the eleventh census 91.15 per cent. were white and 8.85 per cent. were colored.

IN China they tie a red cord around a baby's wrists, so that it may grow up quiet and obedient. Should a child turn out bad, they say: "His parents forgot to bind his wrists."

SAN FRANCISCO boasts of having a hotel which is practically earthquake proof. It is questionable if the men who imbibe too much of its whisky are constructed on the same principle.

IF the earth should cease to revolve altogether, the oceans of the equator would forsake their beds and hasten toward the poles. Probably the entire globe north of Boston would be submerged.

THE drivers of the work teams in Paris can beat the "crackers" of Florida at cracking their whips. This is saying much, for the latter got their peculiar designation from their skill in that direction.

LORD SPENCER'S library, which is said to be unrivaled among the private collections of books in England, and which contains a matchless set of Caxton publications, is to be sold at auction next year.

THERE is no color line over in Germany, apparently. A colored man who went over there from Boston and got naturalized some time ago is now on the roll of pensioners of the state insurance for the aged.

THE Servians have a curious custom of giving a parting kiss to their deceased friends before final burial, and the observance of it has caused a serious epidemic of diphtheria. The custom has now been forbidden.

A GERMAN doctor at Cassel, Germany, undertook a new and peculiar treatment for hysteria. He reasoned that corporal punishment would be more effectual than drugs. The court which investigated the case marked it "brutal," and sent him to jail for six months. He will likely return to asafœtida and other antispasmodics when released.

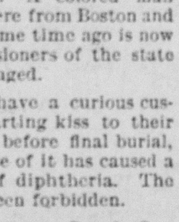
THE theory is now advanced that the pestilence that walketh in darkness scientifically known as the B-flat is responsible for the spread of tuberculosis. He biteth first one sleeper in a bed and then another, thus inoculating people with diseases and spreading death as well as discomfort broadcast. It has long been believed that this insect was mean enough for anything.

A GERMAN writer who doesn't know much about what he is discussing is the latest writer about American women. Among other uncomplimentary things, he gives our girls the credit for the invention of that supreme device of the devil—flirting. It may go by another and more appropriate name in other parts of the world, but its inventor was unquestionably Mother Eve.

MONSIEUR WILSON, the famous, or infamous, son-in-law of the late President Grevy of France, has again brought himself into disgraceful notoriety. Not content with ruining Grevy's career and hastening his death, he has been found guilty of corruption in securing his election as Mayor of a small French town and fined $200. This is the way French people treat a scoundrel. In this country such a man could never be elected to any office, but if elected he could never be convicted of anything.


## I Can Walk a Mile

Easily, although for a long time before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla *I could not walk a step.* I had a terrible running sore on my leg, resulting from milk leg. Nothing did me any good till I began taking ***Hood's Sarsaparilla.*** The pain ceased wholly, the dark color disappeared, the sore has healed, and the limb is perfectly healthy."



Mrs. Chas. Asbell.

MRS. C. A. ASBELL, Avon, Mass.

***Hood's Pills*** should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, they are preferred.


## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE labor market is generally thought to be pretty well supplied in this country, but there is one department in which the demand seems never to be satisfied. This is domestic service, and the complaints of the difficulty of securing women for such work, no matter how high the wages offered, are as loud in the West as in the East. A new employment bureau was recently started in Omaha, Neb., by female members of the Knights of Labor, but the World-Herald characterizes it as "rather superfluous, for the reason that there seems to be no one who wants employment." It says that all over the city women who keep house are in want of servants, and it is in vain that they offer good wages and inducements of every other sort. It concludes that "there evidently are not enough women in need of bread and butter who are willing to enter domestic service to fill the places which are vacant. The employment agencies already in existence are in many cases obliged to tell applicants for help that it is beyond their power to supply them." This universal lack of supply of domestic servants, in a country where there are so many complaints that women have to work at "starvation wages," is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the day.

A NUMBER of capitalists of Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York are pushing an irrigation scheme, the results of which, it is said, will be the greatest North America has ever seen. It is exclusively a private enterprise, conducted by a stock company that has no bonds to float, no stock to sell, no mortgages to negotiate. At present it is only a land syndicate, but it may develop into the giant sugar monopoly of the world. The company has had an existence for months, and through its agents has secured at a few cents an acre a tract of land on the St. Johns and Indian Rivers eighty-three miles long and from three to six miles wide. The land has three feet of rich muck, and, it is estimated, will be worth $100 an acre when drained. Surveyors have been at work some time preparing plans, it being the intention to drain the land in sections, so that a part may be available next Spring. The entire cost of the improvement is estimated at $4,009,000, and two years will be necessary to complete the entire work. As fast as prepared the land will be planted in sugarcane. It is believed that on this reclaimed swamp enough sugarcane can be raised no supply the whole of North America. Truck farming will be followed to some extent, and on the higher knolls small fruits will be cultivated.

ACCORDING to the census returns farm lands in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio and Michigan are practically of equal value and are rated from $33.74 to $65.16 per acre. The next in value are Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, valued at $23.30 to $32.33 per acre. Following these come Iowa, Colorado, Utah and California, valued at $22.92 to $25.62 per acre. Then follow Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon and Washington at $5.86 to $14.45 per acre. Census statistics further show that in 1890 there were in the United States 4,008,907 farms, 74.5 per cent. of which were cultivated by the owners, 8 per cent. by tenants who paid money rental, and 17.5 per cent. by tentants on shares. Illinois had the greatest number of farms, viz.: 255,741; Ohio comes next with 247,189; New York had 241,058, and Pennsylvania 213,542. Arizona had only 767 and Nevada 1,404.

A GENTLEMAN of leisure in England has taken up dairy farming as a hobby and after visiting all the best dairies on the continent of Europe and securing the best advice as to machinery and utensils, has just built a dairy the like of which has never been seen. The building, which is of Carrara marble, is fitted throughout with electric light and all the motive power for separators and churns and washing purposes is supplied by electricity. The opening of this palatial edifice was performed with great ceremony by the lady mayoress of London and is expected to made the beginning of a considerable extension of scientific dairying.

DURING the last serious cholera epidemic in Paris it was estimated by the local physicians that the chance that an acclimated person living in clean quarters and observing even ordinary sanitary precautions would contract the disease was about one in 1,000. Unacclimated Americans were said to run one chance in 500, and an American, some years resident in Paris when the outbreak came, reports that no one with whom he was acquainted in the slightest degree, whatever his walk in life, was seized with the disease. Still, Americans left Paris in swarms. One who fled, and encountered the outbreak in Spain, saw his landlord stricken down and carried out dead of cholera in a few hours. He had persisted in eating raw fruit against repeated warnings from the physicians.

THE Governor of Parana, Brazil, is a very brave man. When the City of Curityba was trembling with fear over an impending revolution the Governor coolly went out to the theatre almost, but not quite, as though nothing was going to happen. The manager had arranged the evening's representation for the Governor's entertainment, and it would, of course, have been unkind to have caused him loss and disappointment. So the Governor went to the theatre attended by all the military force of the place—the infantry with fixed bayonets and ball cartridges, the cavalry in saddle with drawn swords, and the artillery with shotted guns and lanterns hung on the pieces to keep the enemy from running against them. Thus protected the Governor passed a tolerably pleasant evening, but the revolution came not.

THE fact that two cows in Connecticut lately got their horns locked together in the pasture while fighting, and remained so for seven days, nearly starving to death before they were found, furnishes a strong argument in favor of dehorning. In fact, one of them had to have one horn sawed off before they could be separated.

WE have noticed that good people usually wait until a guest has repeated all the gossip she knows before admonishing her on the sinfulness of gossiping.

### A Correspondent Answered.

J. X.—The factory town of Griffith lies nine miles southeast of Chicago and has four railroads, one a complete belt line, and two fuel-oil pipe-lines. A full description of this growing town can probably be had by addressing its founders, Jay A. Dwiggins & Co., of Chicago.

The English mint possesses an electrical machine which counts coins with precision and accuracy.


Sample Package Mailed Free.
Address *Small* Bile Beans, New York.


A dog bitten by a rattlesnake in Florida was cured of the bite by the administration of gunpowder internally.


They increase the appetite, purify the whole system and act on the liver. Bile Beans *Small.*


For the first time the Russian soldiers are to be furnished with handkerchiefs at the Government's expense.


Sick-Headache relieved by *Small* Bile Beans.


It cost the present Emperor of China $10,000,000 to get married.


**World's Fair Albums**

GIVEN AWAY BY THE C. H. & D. AND MONON, THE WORLD'S FAIR ROUTE.

An elegantly bound album of the World's Fair views has been published by the C. H. & D., which, in connection with the Monon, forms the popular World's Fair Route from Cincinnati to Chicago. The album is a work of art and will be sent to any address by E. O. McCormick, C. P. and T. Agt., C. H. & D., Cincinnati, O., on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Incidentally it is noted that the double daily Pullman safety vestibuled trains, with dining cars between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, are run only via the C. H. & D. and Monon Route. See that your tickets to the World's Fair read via the C. H. & D.


Steps are being taken to establish a council of agriculture in Tasmania.


FOR impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.


The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.


E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.


A colored man lives longer in the South than he does in the North.


FOR Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.


The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep.


BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the liver and other vital organs. One dose relieves sick headache in 20 minutes.


The new testament was first printed in Irish in 1602.


SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

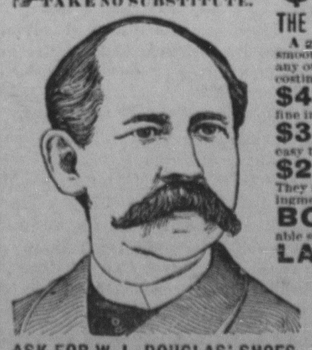
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION.

COME QUICK!—Rye advancing will double value. Fine timber and rich soil underlaid with coal. Well adapted for Poultry, Vegetables, Fruit. 80,000 acres lands, lots in all plateau towns. CUMBERLAND PLATEAU LAND OFFICE, Roslin P. O., Hulbert Park, Tenn.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



ASK FOR W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.
If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for Catalogue. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Varlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness,
Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn or dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion,
Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the heart.

Loss of Appetite,
A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa

*which is absolutely pure and soluble.*
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LOVERS of MUSIC who will send us the names and addresses of two musical friends plainly written and enclose 30 cents in stamps or postal note, will receive, postage free, by return mail our magnificent collection of over 600 LATEST SONGS with the music for each one, bound in a thick handsome volume. This is the grandest collection of Sentimental, Comic, Operatic and Ethiopian Songs ever published, and includes all the popular favorites: "COMRADES," "ANNIE ROONEY," etc. A whole year's supply for the cost of a single piece of music. VICTOR MFG. COMP'Y, 695 Broadway, New York.

$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents $5. Write for circulars. H. C. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

A Home Treatment Cure.
A thorough and reliable method prepared for each individual case
CATARRH
by an able and experienced specialist.
Write for Terms and Symptom Blank.
DR. C. M. JORDAN,
NO. 606 12th STREET N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.


BNU 41


PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

## THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS,—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. OCT. 13.


**Democratic National Ticket.**

FOR PRESIDENT.
GROVER CLEVELAND.
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.
ADLAI STEVENSON.
OF ILLINOIS.

**State Democratic Ticket.**

FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE.
GEORGE A. ALLEN.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT., Tioga.
JNO. C BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WATSON, Allegheny.

**Democratic County Ticket.**

FOR CONGRESS,
G. F. KRIBBS.

*For Associate Judge.* C. A. FAULKNER.
*For Legislature* } JNO. T. McCORMICK. } JAS. SCHOFIELD.
*For Prothonotary* W. F SMITH.
*For District Attorney* W. J. SINGER, Esq.
*For County Surveyor* HORACE B. HERRING.

### RESENTS THE INSULT.

The Bellefonte *Republican* has seen fit to answer the insulting nonsense of wrothy master Rhone against the newspapers of our county, from which he has sponged hundreds of dollars of free picnic advertising for the purpose of private gain, and now calls the papers venal, mercenary, etc. As none of the papers received a cent except his personal organ, the *Gazette*, that prints his "picter," we judge the *Gazette* must be the venal one in the lot for it gets pay—the others get none. The wrothy master in tying himself to Fiedler's coat tail, showed his usual lack of judgment, for such a team is showing its damaging effect among farmers, grangers, and the still larger class of outside circles whose presence is indispensable to make the picnic a success. The REPORTER originated the idea of the picnic and the location and gave it hundreds of dollars worth of free advertising, and is much grieved to see general dissatisfaction with an affair that should be pleasurable, and of interest instead of a gathering where fakirs fleece farmers—excuse the alliteration—the REPORTER is known to have been wide awake at all times in sounding the alarm when farmers were in danger of being victimized.

The "venal" papers of the county did not mean that they should give hundreds of dollars of free advertising for any such purpose, and then be treated discourteously and slandered for it. But, the *Republican* need only consider the source; we only make the above remarks for the benefit of the *Republican*.

Bullragging and blackguarding in political campaigns, happily seems to be a thing of the past, and we will gladly endure the base ball instead.

Georgia has gone 75,000 Democratic and Florida 25,000. The Republicans have now dismissed the idea of breaking the solid south and are breaking on the homestretch.

### THE NEW BALLOT LAW AN ELEPHANT.

We were of the opinion from the start that the new ballot law would be an elephant. Since the State officials and party leaders have examined it closely, this turns out to be correct. If it can be printed, the expense will be enormous, and it will require 400 tons of paper.

Chairman Reeder, of the Republican State committee, has been informed that the Pennsylvania official ballot, as finally decided upon by Secretary of State Harrity, will be 52 inches long by 22 inches wide, and in the three columns will be given the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, People's and Labor Socialist tickets, the three latter in one column. Chas. H. Mullen, who is an extensive paper manufacturer, with mills at Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland county, said this about the Baker blanket ballot: "There is no paper of that odd size, or enough paper to cut and print one-tenth the number of ballots, 52 by 22, that will be required in this State this year, and you can say for me that there is not product or stock enough in the markets of America to allow such a thing to be done."

Under high tariffs there is always vastly more work for the sheriffs than under a low tariff.

. The only legitimate expenses of a candidate, as per the election laws, are for printing. Money spent to procure an office by any other means makes the candidate liable to a heavy penalty, and he will be disqualified from holding an office.

### THE REPORTER'S CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air—My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Hail Cleveland! leader, he
Next President shall be,
For him Hooray.

He is the people's pride;
From Maine to Texas' side,
It's one great, loud acclaim,
Cleveland shall reign!

Then join his army now,
True honor's on his brow;
A patriot tried.

Our land once did him trust,
He proved honest and just;
In great Columbia's chair—
God's noblest man.

For union's toilers he
Battled bold and manfully—
Monopoly's foe.

Then by your leader stand,
Uphold him hand in hand,
Until November's ides—
His triumph crowns.

Hosts to Chicago went,
T'make Cleveland President,
Amid great shouts.

So tax and tariffs high,
No more the fat shall fry,
From C'lumbia's toiling men,
Cleveland will reign.

Erst in the chair he sat,
Now hid by grandpa's hat,—
He'll lift it off.

Then honor right and truth,
Cleveland, wife and prattling Ruth,
The white-house will adorn,
Four good years more.

Next fourth of March will see,
Pure reciprocity,
Swap Ben for Cleve.

Grand free-trade it will be,
Death kneel to monopoly,
Justice to all—for sure,
Cleveland will reign.

If the Republican statesmen of the better class keep coming over to Cleveland at the rate of recent flops, there won't be much good material left in the Republican party by the time the election comes off. The fellows that won't flop over are Dudley, Dave Martin, Quay, and that stripe.

Politics is quiet in Centre county, but the national, state and county nominees of the Democracy will have a handsome majority.

### REVIVAL OF THE COUNTY FAIR.

A movement is on foot, we understand, to revive the county fair, which went out of existence some dozen years ago, from mismanagement.

A large county like Centre, rich in its agricultural, mineral, and lumber interests, should, and can support a creditable fair, under proper management. The movement now on foot, contemplates the location at Hunter's park, on the Buffalo Run railroad.

A fair, to be a success, must be run with a view to please the public by legitimate attractions, and should be conducted by men of fit qualifications, and devoid of petty spite and a low disposition of grab.

There are few, if any counties in the state, without a county fair, and this county should not be without one.

If a few more men like Judges Gresham and Cooley and ex-Attorney General McVeigh quit the G. O. P., it won't have any leaders worth speaking about except the Martins, Quays and Dudleys.

The people of the Mifflin congressional district, if true to themselves, will elect W. W. Trout as their next congressman. He is a common man, of common sense, and will vote in the interest of the masses if elected.

### WHICH HORN.

Every protection paradox presents a sharp-horned dilemma.

If the tariff is not a tax how can it produce revenue?

If taxing an article tends to make it cheaper how does it enable the manufacturer to pay higher wages?

If the tariff has raised wages, thus adding to the cost of production, how can prices be lower?

When the price of farm produce went up under McKinleyism how could the cost of living go down? Now that the price of foodstuffs is going down is the cost of living rising again?

If our imports have increased, as the Protectionists now boast, how has the tariff secured the home market to our manufacturers or protected wage-earners against the competition of pauper labor abroad.

If our manufacturers can, as the statistics show, produce many staple articles more cheaply than they can be made abroad why do they need a high tariff?

If high tariffs make high wages why are wages in Germany and in France so much lower than in England?

Finally, as we have often asked without an answer, if the foreigner pays the duty why did McKinley leave the Treasury so short of money?

These questions present several interesting dilemmas. Which horn of them will the protectionists choose?

As the cool winds of Autumn begin to whistle through the shoddy-made clothing of the poor man and give him an idea of the cold comfort his McKinley taxed clothing will give him this winter, he will think more than once before he votes the Republican protection ticket. It is a ticket that makes the manufacturers rich but it affords no protection to the working man or his wife and children against the bitter weather.

——THE REPORTER $1.50 per year.

Judge Paxson's charge to the Allegheny county grand jury, on Monday, defining the crime of treason, is clear and unmistakable and has made the Advisory Committee of Homestead look pale. Setting up an opposition government, resisting the legal officers, is treason and punishable by a fine not exceeding $2000 and imprisonment not exceeding twelve years. The members of the advisory Committee and the leaders of the strike may now wish they had not been in it. Judge Paxson also says in his charge that the millionaires had a right to employ Pinkertons to protect their property.

In the city of Ayer, England, the corner stone of the memorial library, presented to the town by Carnegie, was laid. Thus free trade England gets the benefits of Carnegie's millions wrung from the tariff taxed people of the United States.

Whitelaw Reid is being made rather uncomfortable these days by the publication of the malignant political and personal attacks he made when a mugwump in 1872 and earlier on the historic chieftains of the Prepublican party. He spared neither Lincoln nor Grant, Logan nor Colfax, Blaine nor Conkling, Garfield nor Henry Wilson. The *Tribune*, with Mr. Reid as editor had all the unsavor news and comments going about these gentlemen, and its files are passing the scrutiny of searchers after lively reading. Mr. Reid is one of the elements in this contest that will lose Harrison many votes.

### PRESBYTERIAN BANNER.

48 column 8 page weekly, and the CENTRE REPORTER one year for $2.65.

This offer is made only to persons who do not now receive the BANNER and does not refer to any one who is already a subscriber.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER:

Is published at Pittsburg, Pa., the home and centre of Presbyterianism in this country. For over seventy-nine years it has been a family guide and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large majority of the intelligent and leading members of the Presbyterian church in this section. There is not a State in the Union, or a country on the civilized globe where its pages are not carefully read and its influence for good felt. Its editorials, church news, Sabbath school lesson, correspondence from all parts of the world, original and selected stories, Christian Endeavor department, secular news, hints on health, household recipes, market reports, etc., etc., have won for it a high place in the homes of all Christian people. 1t

**Sixty Million Bushels of Wheat.—A Bushel for very Inhabitant of the United States. The Kansas Crop of '92.**

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the great crop and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye barley and oat crops are made and are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands 3

**Oregon, Washington and the Northwest Pacific Coast.**

The constant demand of the traveling public to the far West for a comfortable and at the same time an economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman Colonist Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleeper, the only difference is that they are not unholstered.

They are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen, curtains, plenty of towels, combs brushes, etc., which secure to the occupant of a berth as much privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited. For full information send for Pullman Colonist Sleeper Leaflet. E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha Neb. t. f.

HORSE FOR SALE.—A GOOD BAY HORSE, drives single or double and works anywhere, weighs 1150. For sale at a reasonable price. Also a good mule and truck wagon. For particulars inquire of S. M. CAMPBELL.
oct13-2t Millheim, Pa.

CAUTION.—MY WIFE, MARGARET WEIdenmeyer, having left my bed and board without any provocation whatever, I hereby caution all persons against selling her anything on my credit, as I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by her.
A. L. WEIDENMEYER.
oct13-3t Potters Mills.


# LYON & Co.

:—: ARE :—:

# - IN EARNEST -

The very best thing out—500 Boy's Suits at $1.25. They are given away at that price.

—o—

Men's Winter Pants, strong and good, worth $2 elsewhere, we half give them away at $1 per pair.

—o—

The very place to buy Boys' Clothing is where you can find a big stock of good goods—no end to our line of Cheviots and Cassimere Suits, double breasted, perfect fitting, well made and trimmed. Price, look! $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, and 8.00.

—o—

Young man, come and see us when you want a stylish, nobby, elegant fitting suit. We have all the new things in clothing. Our stock is fresh and clean and we never before had such an attractive line. Price, from $5 to $25 a suit.

—o—

The greatest line of Dress Goods, Cheviots, Serges, etc. *Send for samples.*

—o—

We have over two hundred different styles of Ladies,' Misses, and Children's Winter Coats. There is not such a stock outside of Philad. or New York, and we will ship same on approval, by express C. O. D., with the privilege of examining same before paying for them, by the purchaser paying expressage one way.

—o—

We have organized a Mail Order Department. Send for samples of new Dress Goods. We have an immense line.

—o—

Look at our line of low priced goods. Say you want something cheap for common wear, a men's suit at $3.50, —a winter coat for $1.50 and $1.75.

—o—

We have suits for little, wee toddlers. Ye fond mothers come and see our Jersey Suits in navy blue, bottle green, brown, trimmed in braids and embroideried—$2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00. All sizes, 3 years up.

—o—

Ladies, no matter how hard you may be to please in a coat, come and see our stock. We are sure to please you. There is not a style and price we do not have. Fur trimmed, $5, 5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00. Plain of any sort and from $3 up. Bound in wide braid at all prices. Misses' hoods in light colors, trimmed in light furs—fur loops, etc. Little girl's reefers and long coats from $1.50 up.

—o—

Chenile table covers from $1.25 to $5. A beautiful line. Table scarfs by the hundreds.

# LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, - Pa.



# ACTUAL SAVING

OF

# $2.00

ON OUR

# $10.00

# OVERCOATS.

The greatest line for the price we have shown.

# FAUBLE'S,

BELLEFONTE, - - - - - - - PA.


ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF sundry orders of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale at the residence of Eve Dashem, deceased late of Potter township, on

o—o SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, '92 o—o

at 1 o'clock, p m the following described real estate: A fine farm situated about one mile south of Penn Cave station, and 2½ miles west of Spring Mills, adjoining lands of John Dauberman, J. C. Bible, John Grove, W. H. Lucas, and others, containing

)—( 100 ACRES AND 10 PERCHES )—(

and an allowance of 5 per cent. 60 acres of which is cleared and the balance is well timbered with pine, hemlock, chestnut, rock oak, etc. Thereon erected a

—— GOOD HOUSE AND BARN ——

and good outbuildings. A good spring and well on the premises, also choice fruit, and convenient to churches and public schools.

Terms of sale. One-half cash and the residue in one year with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Adm'r of Sarah Dashem, and Ex'r of Catharine and Eve Dashem, dec'd.
H. H. HERSHBERGER,
Guardian of Harvey R. Royer.
JOHN KLINE, Att'y.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Will be offered at public sale, at the residence of B. H. Arney, one and one-half miles east of Centre Hall, Pa., on

o—o TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, o—o

At one o'clock, the following described real estate of Jacob Arney, dec'd.

NO. 1.—A farm located one mile east of Centre Hall Borough and R. R. Station on L. & T. R. R., containing 82 acres and 132 perches, being of the best land in Potter township, 72 acres of which are in a very good state of cultivation and the balance is young growing timber. The improvements consist of a good Dwelling house, Wash house, Bank barn, Wagon shed, Corn crib. Pig pen, etc. Two streams of water running across the farm and a cistern at the door. Choice apples and other fruit. A very desirable home.

No. 2.—A farm situated on the Brush Valley road, two miles east of Centre Hall, containing 176 acres and 3 perches. 125 acres of which are well fenced and in excellent state of cultivation. The balance, about 51 acres, is woodland. The improvements thereon are a large Frame Dwelling house, Wash House, and other outbuildings, an extra large Bank barn, Wagon and Buggy sheds, Corn crib and Pig pen. Constantly flowing water from the pipe at both house and barn. Over one hundred apple trees, forty of which are of bearing age, with plenty of other fruit on the premises.

No. 3.—The undivided one-half of a town property located on Church street, in the borough of Centre Hall, containing 48 square rods. Thereon erected a Frame Dwelling house, large Stable, and necessary outbuildings. A cistern in the yard and good fruit on the premises.

No. 4.—The undivided one-half of 21 square rods (more or less,) of land situated on the Brush Valley road, adjoining the eastern line of Centre Hall borough and property of Byron Garis. No improvements.

Terms of sale. One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on confirmation of sale. One-third in one year, and the balance in two years with interest. Five per cent. of purchase money to be paid as soon as property is sold. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

J. J. ARNEY & B. H. ARNEY,
Executors of estate of Jacob Arney, dec'd.
W. A. SANDOE, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.—WHEREAS, THE TOWN COUNcil of the borough of Centre Hall on the 3rd day of September, A. D., 1892, voted to increase the indebtedness of the said borough of Centre Hall by four thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting or purchasing water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall. And whereas, the said town council directed that notice should be given to the electors of the said borough of Centre Hall that an election should be held on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1892, in the said borough for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of the said borough to such increase of indebtedness, now therefore take notice: that an election shall be held for the purpose aforesaid at the usual polling place in the said borough of Centre Hall on the said 8th day of November A. D. 1892.

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the said borough of Centre Hall is $120.000.

The amount of the existing debts is $——

The amount of the proposed increase is $4000

The percentage of the proposed increase is $.03⅓

The purpose for which the indebtedness is to be increased is for the erection or purchase of water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall.

JOHN F. ALEXANDER,
President.
R. D. FOREMAN,
Secretary.

ORDINANCE.—BE IT ORDAINED AND ENacted into an ordinance by the Town Council of the borough of Centre Hall, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same.

Sec. 1st. That the treasurer of the borough of Centre Hall is hereby authorized and directed, provided a majority of the electors of the said borough of Centre Hall at the next general election to be held Tuesday November 8th A D 1892, assent thereto, to borrow $4000 and thereby increase the indebtedness of the said borough of Centre Hall by the like amount; which sum of money is to be used in the erection or purchase of water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall.

Sec. 2nd. That the said Treasurer be authorized to issue bonds of the said borough of Centre Hall to secure the said sum of money above directed to be borrowed.

Sec. 3rd. That the clerk of the council of the said borough is hereby directed to give notice of the aforegoing ordinance, and of the election to be held by reason thereof on the 8th day of November A. D. 1892, at the usual place of holding elections in the said borough of Centre Hall, for at least thirty days in the CENTRE HALL REPORTER, the only newspaper published in the said borough of Centre Hall.

Attest FRED KURTZ, JR.
Burgess.
R. D. FOREMAN, Clerk,

PUBLIC SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED EXecutors of the estate of David Hennelgh, deceased, late of Potter township, will offer at public sale, on the premises near Potters Mills, on

o—o FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1892, o—o

At one o'clock p. m., the following real estate: One Dwelling House, Stable and outbuildings, with about

)——( 12 ACRES, )——(

of land, more or less, situated near Potters Mills where the two Georges Valley roads intersect the Bellefonte and Lewistown pike.

Terms of sale will be made known on day of sale.

ADAM BARTGES,
S. P. HENNEIGH,
Executors.

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.—A full Roller Process, Short System, Steam and Water power grist mill. Also four tracts of Mineral lands, underlaid with Coal, Fire clay and limestone. Contains from 100 to 300 acres each, all located on Pittsburg Division of B & O. R. R. Enquire of
SAMUEL PHILSON,
aug 11-2m Berlin, Somerset County, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of James Grove, dec'd., of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
W. F. REARICK.
J. P. GROVE,
Administrators.
sep1 6t Spring Mills.

WANTED.—Wide-awake workers everywhere for "Shepp's Photographs of the World"; the greatest book on earth; costing $100.000; retail at $3.25, cash or installments; mammoth illustrated circulars and terms free; daily output over 1500 volumes.

**Shepp's Photographs of the World.**

Agents wild with success. Mr. Thos. L. Martin of Centreville, Texas, cleared $711 in 9 days; Miss Rose Adams, Wooster, Ohio, $28 in 40 minutes. Rev. J Howard Madison, Lyons, N. Y., $101 in 7 hours; a bonanza; magnificent outfit only 1.00; Books on credit. Freight paid. Address, GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila'd, Pa., or 358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 13oc6m

ESTRAY.—STRAYED FROM THE FARM of the undersigned about three weeks ago 7 ewes, 6 lambs and 1 Shropshire buck. Information is desired of their whereabouts. Address,
R. P. ODENKIRK,
oct13-3t Centre Hall.

### A Woman Suicides.

On Sunday morning, at Curwensville, Kate Star, a domestic, suicided just at what hour is not known. She was found dead in bed. She passed over by the strychnine route, but for what reason is not exactly known. She had gone shopping to Clearfield on Saturday afternoon, and when she returned she was in company with a young man named John Tate. His evidence before the coroner's jury was to the effect that he was with her up till late that night, and when he left the house she appeared in good spirits. He had noticed that she had three packages, which she laid down on the on entering the house, and among them he noticed a small envelope which was marked with a skull and cross bones and in red ink, poison, and also the word strychnine. A druggist who had put up a prescription for her on that day says that he put up no such poison for her, but did put up a medicine on prescription for her which was intended for heart disease, and which did contain poison, but on examination it was discovered that she had taken one of this medicine. The envelope that Young Tate saw could not be found at first, but afterward a portion of the same was found immediately under her window partially burned, and the only part left was the word poison. He said nothing to the jury about the envelope containing poison at their morning session, and only at the afternoon session when he was recalled did he mention that fact. This had the flavor of suspicion about it.

A farmer ought to consider how this tariff of McKinley works against him. It cuts off competition in farming implements here. And the manufacturer who sends a horse rake into the South American market and sells it for $19 charges $25 for it here. The Cumming feed cutter is sold in South America for $60 and here for $90. The Clipper cutter is sold in South America for $9.50 and here for $18. The Ann Arbor cutter No. 1 is sold in South America for $16 and here for $28. And No. 2 is sold in South America for $28 and here for $40. These are a few of the frauds the McKinley tariff practices on the farmer.

The one producer in the United States who year after year always has a surplus is the farmer. His surplus product is of no benefit to him unless he can exchange it for something that he needs. Whatever hinders the free and easy exchange of commodities is an injury to the farmer. The Tariff levied for the Protection of manufactures is an injury to him. It taxes him on everything he wears, on every article of household use, on all the implements and machinery of his farm and on the clothing of his wife and children. And it shuts the markets of the world against him. Every farmer in the land should vote against the Republican tariff.

Why are goods brought from foreign countries to the United States? Because the people want them. The American importer finds the demand for them and sends for them. Then he pays the tariff tax on them, adds it to the price and the American people pay it. Who is benefitted? The American manufacturer only who makes inferior goods at a price a little lower than the foreign article and gets an enormous profit. Does he pay his employees higher wages because of his big profit? Not much. He buys his labor just as cheap as he can get it and it comes pouring in every day to glut the labor market and make wages low. What then does the tariff tax do for the laborer? It simply makes it harder for him to live.

We see some papers making the charge that Senator Meek is buying up paper needed for printing tickets, in order to create a corner in the article, and to secure the printing for Centre and several other counties.

In justice to Mr. Meek we will say there must be a mistake here, for we had it from his own lips, while talking over the matter last Thursday that he did not intend to run the risk of taking the job for this county and that a Williamsport firm had put in a bid with our commissionors to do the work for $8 per 1000. Mr. Meek assured us he'd have nothing to do with the printing of the ballots. The ballots can be printed for $8 to $12 per 1000, but it leaves no chance for underbidding.

Set it down as a fact that the man who says that there are American tin mines and American tin manufacturers in the United States, is either deceived himself or attempting to deceive others. The tin McKinley exhibits is merely dipped here by boys employed in factories. The ore comes from Wales and the tin plate from England.

There is something grimly absurd in the talk of protecting a laborer against "the pauper labor of Europe" while inviting that pauper labor to come over here and compete with American working men so as to reduce their wages.

——The latest styles in clothing at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.


### Tourist Trip.

Round trips to the Pacific Coast.

Short trips to the Mountain Resorts of Colorado.

The Great Salt Lake.

Yellowstone National Park—the most wonderful spot on this continent.

Puget Sound, the Mediterranean of the Pacific Coast.

All reached via the Union Pacific System. For detailed information call on your nearest Ticket Agent or address

E. L. LOMAX,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.
Omaha. Neb.

t. f.

### Guns, Guns, Guns.

I have on hand the Marlin Rifle and the Wilksbarre shot guns, also several other makes of shot guns. I also have a large stock of rifle and shot gun cartridges. Call and see them and learn prices.

G. W. BUSHMAN.

### THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

**A Unique Country where the Skies are almost Never Clouded while the air is Cool and Bracing, like Perpetual Spring.**

As an anomalous southern resort, by reason of the fact that there one may escape summer heat no less than winter cold, New Mexico is rapidly becoming famous. Averaging throughout the entire territory 5,600 feet in altitude above sea-level, and characterized by dry air which, unlike a humid atmosphere, is incapable of communicating heat, the temperature in midsummer remains at a delightfully comfortable degree through the day, and at night becomes invariably brisk and bracing. The sunshine is almost constant, yet the most violent out-of-door exertion may be undertaken without fear of distressful consequences. Sunstroke or prostration are absolutely unknown there. It is an ideal land for a summer outing. Its climate is prescribed by reputable physicians as a specific for pulmonary complaints, and the medicinal Hot Springs at Las Vegas are noted for their curative virtues. The most sumptuous hotel in the west, the Montezuma, is located at these springs. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for "The Land of Sunshine," an entertaining and profusely illustrated book descriptive of this region, the most picturesque and romantic in the United States. 1

PASTOR KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

**St. Vitus Dance Cured!** VIII.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., February, 1889.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for two years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again. MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

BALTIMORE, June, 1890.
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous trouble caused by overwork, and found it all that it is claimed to be. After using one bottle it had the desired effect, and I can truly recommend it to all suffering a like complaint, as a really wonderful remedy. SAML. THREW.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 19, '90.
For seven years my eldest daughter had fainting spells and spasms. Last June she took the first of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and since that time they have entirely ceased. JOHN GLOECKNER.

**FREE**—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**

**Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.**

BULL'S-HEAD TRADE-MARK FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ARE THE BEST.
VANILLA, LEMON, ORANGE, GINGER, ROSE, ALMOND.
PRICE 10 C AND 25 C.

*SEWELL'S Liquid Cement mends anything. Always ready. Price 10 cents.*

## A MAN . . . . .

Always seek to make investments from which he can receive the most in return in benefits or dividends. $1.50 invested in a year's subscription to the "Reporter" will greatly benefit him and he will add a dividend declared each week on the investment

A reported outbreak of cholera at Helmetta, N. J., created much excitement in that vicinity. Investigation showed that the disease was not cholera but a violent dysentery which is almost as severe and dangerous as cholera. Mr. Walter Willard, a prominent merchant of Jamsburg, two miles from Helmetta, says Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has given great satisfaction in the most severe cases of dysenterry. It is certainly one of the best things ever made." For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

# Centre Hall - Mills -

All grades of Roller flour constantly onhand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

All grades of Chop.

Bran, fine and coarse.

Coal, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland, all sizes.

All kinds of grain wanted and cash paid for same at highest market prices.

Terms, for Flour, Feed and Coal, strictly cash.

**KURTZ & SON.**

## TREATMENT BY INHALATION!

1529 Arch St., Philad'a Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

AND ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

It has been in use for more than twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommend it—a very significant fact.

It is agreeable. There is no nauseous taste, nor after-taste, nor sickening smell.

**"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results,"** is the title of a book of 200 pages published by Drs Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
Please mention this paper. 18ep0m

There is no use of any one suffering with the cholera when Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can be procured. It will give relief in a few minutes and cure in a short time. I have tried it and know.—W. H. Clinton, Helmetta, N. J. The epidemic at Helmetta was at first believed to be cholera, but subsequent investigation proved it to be a violent form of dysentery, almost as dangerous as cholera. This Remedy was used there with great success. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.


EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of John Farner, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. C. FARNER,
Executor,
oct6-6t Potters Mills.


## Farmers Supplies.

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW.—*The Farmers Favorite Plow.* This plow runs so steady that a boy who can drive the team can man the plow. There are seven different suction shares to this plow—for plowing clay, gravelly and stony soil. These shares are of the best make, which we sell at lower prices than any other first-class chilled plow share can be purchased. A trial of this plow will convince the most skeptical, that the plow will fulfil our claims.

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS.—We propose hereafter to buy Spring Tooth Harrows outside of the Spring Tooth Harrow Monopoly, therefore we now offer Spring Tooth Harrows at $1.50 to $2.00 each less than the combination prices. We want every farmer to know that we are headquarters for the best implements and low prices.

**Conklin Wagons, Champion Wagons, Farm Carts and Wheel Barrows.**

Champion Road Machines and Champion Stone Crushers—the popular machinery for improving roads.

BARBED WIRE.—Cambria Link Wire. Plain and barbed hog wire at lowest prices.

HAY RAKES AND TEDDERS.—A chance for bargains. We sell the best hand-dump hay rake in America for $14.50 net cash. The best self-dump hay rake for $18.50 net cash. We sell the best hay tedder in the United States for $30.00 on six months time or 5 per cent. off for cash, making the net price $28.50

We have a full line of Farmers Supplies, which we are prepared to furnish at Rock Bottom Prices We invite farmers to call and see us.

We have a fine line of buggies, surreys and carts—we recently purchased a job lot of pleasure carts, which we sell at $16.50. These carts cannot be duplicated at the price.

McCALMONT & CO.,
Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

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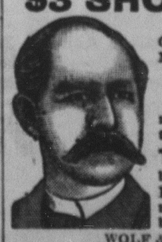

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The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate.

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Free bus to and from all trains.

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### PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York. 9.25 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10 55 p m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8 02 p m.—Train 6 (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1 29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6 50 a. m., New York, 9 30 a. m 5 Baltimore, 6 20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore,

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7 25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Willkesbarre 10 15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 7 25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9 23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5 36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

### LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

| Westward. | | | | STATIONS. | Eastward. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P M | P.M. | A.M. | A.M. | | P.M. | P.M. | P M |
| 2 | | | 5 50 | Montandon | 9 20 | | 4 55 |
| 2 20 | | | 6 20 | Lewisburg | 9 10 | | 4 45 |
| 2 30 | | | 6 30 | Biehl | 9 00 | | 4 37 |
| 2 37 | | | 6 35 | Vicksburg | 8 58 | | 4 32 |
| 2 47 | | | 6 45 | Mifflinburg | 8 48 | | 4 22 |
| 3 03 | | | 7 00 | Millmont | 8 27 | | 4 09 |
| 3 13 | | | 7 08 | Glen Iron | 8 17 | | 4 02 |
| 3 47 | | | 7 43 | Paddy Mountain | 7 48 | | 3 30 |
| 3 58 | 7 25 | | 7 53 | Coburn | 7 32 | 7 10 | 3 18 |
| 4 06 | 7 32 | | 8 01 | Zerby | 7 24 | 7 02 | 3 10 |
| 4 15 | 7 50 | | 8 10 | Rising Spring | 7 16 | 6 54 | 3 02 |
| 4 23 | 7 58 | | 8 18 | Penn Cave | 7 10 | 6 48 | 2 54 |
| 4 28 | 8 03 | | 8 24 | Centre Hall | 7 03 | 6 42 | 2 47 |
| 4 34 | 8 09 | | 8 32 | Gregg | 6 57 | 6 36 | 2 40 |
| 4 40 | 8 16 | | 8 37 | Linden Hall | 6 50 | 6 30 | 2 32 |
| 4 45 | 8 20 | | 8 42 | Oak Hall | 6 45 | 6 28 | 2 27 |
| 4 49 | 8 24 | | 8 46 | Lemont | 6 41 | 6 22 | 2 23 |
| 4 58 | 8 28 | | 8 51 | Dale Summit | 6 37 | 6 17 | 2 18 |
| 5 02 | 8 37 | | 9 00 | Pleasant Gap | 6 28 | 6 09 | 2 08 |
| 5 05 | 8 40 | | 9 04 | Axemann | 6 25 | 6 05 | 2 04 |
| 5 10 | 8 45 | | 9 10 | Bellefonte | 6 20 | 6 00 | 2 00 |

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10 25 a m. 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 05 p m

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager.
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CANVASSER

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MEDICAL OFFICES,
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# SINGING BIRDS.

## GROWTH OF THE IMPORTATION OF CANARIES.

### How They Are Taught—A Bullfinch's One Fault—Other Cage Birds.

In the year 1842, when the first importation of singing birds was made from Germany to New York, cages could not be found for them; the proper food could not be procured; and bird fanciers were so few, that of the one thousand birds landed, the greater number perished unsold. The love for them, however, was kindled and grew. In 1853 the same importer sold ten thousand, and in 1860 fifteen thousand. Last year one New York house alone imported from Germany, between the months of September and June, forty-two thousand birds; and this number was equalled, if not excelled, by other houses.

A calculation has been made that proves the significant fact that enough iron wire to belt the globe with a netting a yard wide is manufactured yearly into cages for birds.

The favorite house-birds are canaries—brought principally from vicinities of the Harz Mountains—a land noted for pure air and delicious spring waters. They make their voyage of the Atlantic in little cages of a size not more than a hand square, fastened together in rows and piled upon each other under a covering of canvas. The ordinary package, four feet long and two feet broad, contains two hundred birds. Every day during the journey the canvas screen is unfastened and the cages supplied with seed and water, after which attention the poor little prisoners are returned to their gloom, where we trust they comfort themselves, since sorrow is the source of "gentle fancies," by composing songs to sing when they are free.

Toussenel considers the original bird of the Canary Islands—the typical founder of this golden race—"the most skilful, most intelligent, and indefatigable of songsters." And judging of intelligence by relative size of brain and body, the canary is entitled to especial respect; for his brain is in proportion to the body as one-fourteenth, which would make—by this mode of estimate—the delectable little biped about half as intelligent as man, and afford ample explanation of his faculty for learning tunes and his aptitude at surprising tricks. And as man—"paragon of animals!"—has his propitious and after-dinner mood, so the canary has his yielding hour, and at evening is most affectionate and most docile to be taught.

Both "short-breed" and "long-breed" canaries can be educated to add to their native repertoire of sweet notes a tune or part of a tune and notes of the nightingale, the lark, the robin, and various whistling birds. Such an education adds from four-fold to ten-fold to their normal value; and the process of teaching is not without its delight. The mode of teaching varies as to the instrument used, but the principle of the teaching does not vary. It is, if not veritably "as old as the hills," certainly as ancient as the golden days of Greece; for the secret of securing mental impressions is iteration, re-iteration. Over and over again to the listening bird must the tune he is to learn by heart be played or sung; and the musical ear of the little pupil must not be trusted to supply insufficiency in melody or to correct a fault. The bird copies his model as implicitly as if for conscientious task he had been born Chinese; and his accuracy may not always have the good ending of the story of the poor musician's flute. This flute, dearly beloved by its poverty-stricken owner, had but one fault—a broken note—and one auditor—a tailor who lived next door, who came after working hours to hear the poor musician play, and who was seized with a covetous admiration for the flute. After awhile the adored instrument disappeared. An old woman was tried for the theft, but was acquitted for the mental "alibi" of being stone-deaf. Time passed on, and the tailor removed to a distant town. The musician, happening to visit the place, set apart an evening to spend with the old admirer of his art. The entertainment of the evening was furnished by a learned bull-finch, who whistled tunes as felicitously as a flageolet—tunes that had only one fault; one little break in each of the airs by the missing of one note! The musician recognized with the thrill of remembrance the exact fault, and, with a boldness he could not restrain, wrung from the tailor a tardy confession of guilt, by exclaiming with all the emphasis of truth: "Now I know who stole my flute."

The bull-finch, the gold-finch, the little brown linnet and speckled thrush, the black-cap, the English robin, the nightingale, and the lark are the favorite songsters caged from north temperate climes; but the nightingale and the lark pine for liberty and sometimes die of a broken heart.

Parrots, paroquets, and those little African "wax-bills," "amaranths," and "quakers," interesting as they are for pets, can hardly be classified with "singing-birds," but they share one charm with the canary—the willingness to be housed and the gratitude for their daily bread; not any of these little creatures are indifferent to the quality of the hospitality they accept. The cage must be clean and canopied from midday sun; the bath and the water to drink must be fresh and pure; the sand and cuttlefish good, and the seed the very best. To win ample song and to keep the voice clear, the cage must not be large, and it must be studiously kept from draughts. The seed must be mixed of Sicily canary-seed and German summer rape-seed. A little hemp, millet, and maw-seed should be added; and an occasional treat or "surprise-dish" of chickweed or lettuce, a bit of boiled carrot, a slice of pear or apple, or morsel of sugar not tardily removed.—[New York Post.

### Life in China.

The singular conditions of life at Amoy, the metropolis of the great Chinese province of Fukien, have been the theme of an interesting report of the United States consul at that city, Mr. Bedloe. Amoy, which is a city of about a million people, and the centre of a densely populated region, is perhaps the cheapest place in the world. Workingmen live and support large families on fifteen cents a day, and are said to be as happy as working men anywhere.

The daily fare of an Amoy workingman and its cost to him are about as follows: One and a half pounds of rice, costing three cents; one ounce of meat, one ounce of fish, two ounces of shell-fish, one cent altogether; one pound of cabbage or other vegetable, one cent; fuel, salt and oil, one cent; total, six cents.

This is much better fare than many European laborers enjoy. In what little time the Amoy workingman can find from his toil, he flies kites, plays shuttlecock, and indulges in mild practical jokes on his friends. He goes to bed early, and worries about nothing.

The wife and children of the Chinese family gather driftwood, edible sea-moss, shell-fish, mushrooms and dead branches. Some of the things they pick up they barter for rice and vegetables. Sometimes a woman and her children provide in this way all the food of the family.

Small boys earn a few copper coins by marching in religious processions, at funerals, wakes, exorcisms, weddings and other ceremonies.

At eight years of age a boy begins his life-calling, which usually is the same as his father's. Indeed, children in China begin to work as soon as they can walk. A boy or girl four years old will carry the baby "piggy-back" half an hour at a time, and mind it from dawn to dusk.

The house is usually an independent structure, small, and containing two rooms—a living-room and a bedroom. The windows are small, high and nearly blocked up with wooden, iron or stone bars. The rent of a house of four or five rooms averages five cents a day.

One of the saddest things about child life in China is the early encouragement of gambling on the part of the boys. On every street in the daytime and early evening may be seen groups of children around a peddler, gambling for cake, fruit, or a small amount of money. Gambling is the great curse of the Chinese people, robbing the workingmen of their savings and corrupting the politics of the country.

In spite of their hard work and their few indulgences, Chinese children manage to be happy on the whole, as children will be the world over.

### Dynamite in an Indian Fight.

"I have had a good many scrimmages with Indians of various tribes, but the wildest of the whole copper-colored breed are the Sioux," said Major Dan Allen, one of the original "path finders" of the trackless West, to the writer. "Most Indians do their fighting from cover, but the Sioux fear no one, and would fight Napoleon's Old Guard in an open field. When they tackle you, you can just make up your mind to do some killing or lose your scalp.

"I was out in the southwestern part of what is now South Dakota a few years ago with a hunting party, when we encountered a lot of bucks on the war-path. There were twenty of them, while my party only numbered half-a-dozen, but the redskins had the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders. There wasn't a rock or tree for miles, and we had to stand up and fight without cover of any kind. One of the party was a mining-engineer who had been prospecting for pay rock and had with him several pounds of dynamite and an electric battery. He was a Yankee. He concealed the explosive in the grass, attached the wire, and we retreated slowely about 400 yards and stopped. The redskins didn't waste any time manœuvring; they came and saw and expected to conquer in short order. On they came, straight as the crow flies; and we lay down in the grass with rifles cocked. It was an interesting moment for us. If the battery failed to do its duty, we were gone to a man. But it didn't. As the foremost horse reached the place where the explosive was concealed the Yankee turned on the current. There was an explosion that made the very ground shake, and the air for forty rods was full of horse-flesh and fragments of noble redmen, saddles and rifles, blankets and buckskin. 'Now's our time, boys,' I called, and we ran forward and began firing into the terrified savages as fast as we could pull a trigger. The remnant of the party took flight."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Italian Lithophagous, or Stone-Eater.

In writing of Francis Battalia, the Italian lithophagous, or stone eater, Dr. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," has this to say: "This queer creature was born with two small pebbles in his hands, one in each. He refused all ordinary nourishment, would not suckle, only when small stones were given him with the nursing bottle."

After Battalia grew to manhood he was exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe. Dr. Bulwer had a chance to professionally examine the "queer creature" after "it" had been kept on a stone diet for about thirty years. He thus describes Battalia's manner of feeding. "He would put three or four stones in a spoon, swallow them down, and then drink a glass of beer after them. He devoured a half peck of these stones every day, and when he shakes his body they chink in his stomach. In appearance he is a black, swarthy looking fellow, and having been a soldier, made good use of the food allowed him by selling it and subsisting on dirt and pebbles."

### Who Named "The Empire State?"

The above question is often asked, but seldom properly answered. General Washington is the man to whom that and many other honors belong. In his reply to the "Address of the Common Council of New York City" the great General said: "I pray that heaven bestow its choicest blessings on your city; that a well regulated and beneficial commerce may enrich your citizens, and that your State (at present the seat of empire) may set such examples of wisdom and liberality as shall have a tendency to strengthen and give a permanency to the Union at home and credit and respectability abroad." This is of course an inferential allusion, but was the origin of New York's popular name, nevertheless.—[St. Louis Republic.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda in the water.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### THE BIRDIE'S FAREWELL.

"Oh, birdie, birdie, will you, pet?
Diamond stones and amber and jet,
I'll string in a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine."

"Oh, thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet,
But here is something daintier yet.
A feather necklace round and round
That I would not sell for a thousand pound."

"Oh, birdie, birdie, won't you, pet?
I'll buy you a dish of silver fret;
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet."

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air,
Farewell, farewell to my lady fair!"

### PUSSY CAT POLITENESS.

A Manchester gentleman once had a very demure cat. She behaved so well that she was allowed to sit at table and had a napkin round her neck and a plate of fish to eat from. Sometimes, when she had finished, her master gave her a bit from his own plate. But one day she could not be found, and dinner was begun without her. When it was half over puss came bounding in with two mice in her mouth. She sprang up on her chair, dropped one mouse on her own plate and then leaned over and dropped the other onto her master's. He had often shared his dinner with her, now she was determined to share hers with him.—[Child's Own Magazine.

### A FAMILY FRIEND.

An old man was leading a thin old horse across the commons in the northern part of the city, when a passerby asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the bone-yard or the glue factory," said the other contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meetin', an' please God he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll bury him with these old hands. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if he goes afore me there are those as are paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him, "there's a difference in people."

"Aye, and in horses, too," said the old man as he passed on with his four-footed friend.—[Detroit Free Press.

### A CUP OF WATER.

We read so much in daily papers about the seamy side of human life, that we are sometimes apt to forget that there is any other side. Once in a while an incident occurs that shows us a glimpse of the beauties of human nature even when rags and dirt obscure it from view. The Herald, of New York, tells of a little newsboy who is a paralytic. He sits in a wheel chair at the corner of Fifth avenue and 23d street. The other newsboys help him in various ways, folding and arranging his papers and carrying his folding table.

One day during the late hot spell a ragged urchin, one of the typical scapegraces Brown paints for us, with a bundle of papers under his arm barefooted and dirt begrimed and carrying a tin pail in his hand, walked up to the cashier's window not far from where the cripple sits. Rapping on the window he attracted the attention of the cashier, and as he stood on his tiptoes he handed in his pail, while a smile as bewitching as any society belle is capable of encircled his dirty face, displaying a set of teeth pearly white and as beautiful as nature could form them. His large, lustrous, sparkling black eyes caught those of the cashier and he said: "Say, mister, der lame bloke what sells papers on der wagon on der corner wants a drink of ice water."

As the man who handles the cash passed out the pail of water the juvenile remarked: "Tanks, mister; you know der kid's awful lame and can't walk."

### RATS.

"Whew! whew!" shrieked Tony, from the cellar.

"What's the matter?" cried mother, getting to the cellar door as fast as she could.

"Rats!" answered the frightened boy.

"Where? Do you see them?" Mother was lame, and couldn't go down.

"Oh my!" cried Tony, scrambling up with the candle in one hand and the basket of apples he was sent for in the other. "An awful big one he was, mother, and he stood right still and looked at me."

"Didn't jump, did he?"

"No, indeed, he ran just as fast as he could when I screamed. I hate rats."

"I don't," said mother; "a rat once saved your life and mine."

"How? When?" asked Tony.

"Get my knife to pare the apples, and I'll tell you. One night, when you were a little baby, father waked very suddenly. 'Do you hear that rat?' said he. 'I do believe he'll eat his way right into this room before morning.' So he got up to throw his boot at the place where the sound came from, and made all the racket he could to scare the creature away. And then, I never knew why, he opened the door that led down-stairs, and puff! puff! came smoke right into the room. 'Fire! Fire!' he cried out. 'Oh, Martha, quick! quick! Wrap the baby up and follow me; we haven't a moment to lose!' And we hadn't, indeed, for we no sooner got down and out-doors when the stairs were all in a blaze. If it hadn't been for that rat, none of us would have been living to day. I confess I don't like rats; they are sly and mischievous, but the good God condescended to use that one as his messenger to waken us and save our lives. Do you wonder that ever since that night I have had a friendly feeling toward rats?"

"Does God use such little, good-for-nothing things to do his errands?" asked Tony, in a tone of surprise.

"God made all things and can use all things," said mother. "No creature is beneath His notice."—[Sunbeam.

## THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

THE CARE OF THE BODY.—Civilization is the mother of many arts and ingenious devices. It searches the heavens with the telescope and the water drop with the microscope in pursuit of something new. It ranges through all lands and dives to the bottom of all seas after some fresh and rare article of diet. And it fashions banquets with menus three hours long, embracing every dish that a French cook's brain can invent and every drink that any bold adventurer may concoct. But civilization has not taught man the one and indispensable thing, viz., how to take care of himself. Every day some great leader of the world's thought or political life falls a martyr to his own ignorance of the laws of health or to his own heedlessness of these laws. Overwork strikes thousands down into nervous prostration, and among these are many of our most intelligent and cultured minds. Irregularity and indulgence of the appetite, especially partaking thoughtlessly of improper food, are causes of countless diseases and of many sudden deaths. Fatty degeneration of the heart, for example, can be induced by one kind of diet and cured by another kind of diet. Again, temporary but very perilous affections of the heart can be brought on by excess at a single feast. Here is what an experienced physiologist of high authority says:—"When I was a medical student a snake was brought to be killed. It was in a deep empty glass jar, and a stream of carbonic gas was turned on. In a few minutes it was dead. All the gas was not used, but was turned on to the back of my hand; soon the skin was a livid lead color, was devoid of feeling and paralyzed. Now this gas largely formed in the stomach becomes absorbed through the heart-sac and paralyzes the heart. I knew a doctor (who knew better) to die from eating food which he knew would ferment, simply because he preferred the taste of his viands to their pathological effects. He is not alone; so long as mankind lives to eat and does not eat to live, just so long will sudden deaths from weak heart occur. If such physiological sins could be cured by injecting lymph underneath the skin, such treatment would be immensely popular. But such treatment deals with results. The best treatment deals with causes, in the present case stop the causes—improper food and its results—and give proper food, and then nature cures. In view of such facts as those contained in the above extract, it would be a wise thing to establish a new professorship in every one of our colleges. It ought to be entitled 'A Professorship of Number One and How to take care of Him.' Many a statesman has gone down leaving his work unfinished; many a clergyman has dropped in his tracks with his race half won; many a merchant has been forced to retire in early life from business—a broken man—a wreck—and for no other reason than that he did not know how to manage his body so as to get safely the most effective work out of it. Such are the victims of their own stupidity or folly, but their sympathetic friends and relations are apt to talk in a plaintive way about the mysterious sdispensations of providence in removing such good and useful men from the sphere of their labors. No man has more than a certain amount of physical and nervous energy at his command. This energy is like his bank account—limited. He can draw upon it for only a certain sum without forfeiting his credit. It is his duty to become self-observant. He should ascertain by self-inspection and by consulting the best authorities how much and what kind of food is best for him; how many hours of sleep his system demands; how much open-air exercise and of what nature he needs; what kind of clothing is safest, and how often it should be changed to suit the change in the weather, occupation, and the like; in short, he should learn to make very largely his own environment for his physical, which also will be his highest intellectual and moral welfare. The French have a proverb that every man is either a physician or a fool at forty; but, alas! it is to be feared that the most of us at that age are not physicians. An eminent doctor says:—"People forget it is work to live—that each person has a limited amount of dynamic energy to expend in doing life-work. Ten hours of brain-work a day is enough. Longer work than this steals from some other organ. If it is the heart, it will give out. If it is the stomach, it will not digest the food. If one has a broken bone and works too hard, the bone will not unite. So when people overeat, or eat food that is hard to digest, they put a like strain on their system. The love of the beautiful in eating kills many by making poison, or things that act like poison, in the blood. I have seen fatty degeneration of the heart caused by phosphorus, which kills in twenty minutes. Again, it is said that snake's venom coagulates the blood more or less, and the same may be said of improper food.

### "Barbara Freitchie."

It has been supposed that Whittier first heard of the incident on which his poem "Barbara Freitchie" was based from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. But the poet not long ago told an inquirer that he caught the conceit in this way: He was waiting for his mail at the Amesbury postoffice one day, and while thus detained listened to the narrative of a soldier, home on leave, who had been wounded at Monocacy, and who witnessed the flag-waving episode, but could not tell the woman's name. Thereupon the poet wrote to the postmaster of Frederick, Mr. Wm. D. Jenks; and the latter replied: "In all probability the heroine's name is Barbara Freitchie." There was one circumstance which Whittier never cleared up to his own satisfaction. As he understood it, the soldier described the heroine as a young woman; Mr. Jenks described her as four-score years and ten. "I never saw the soldier again," said Whittier, "neither do I know his name. All I could learn of him was that he was a member of a Massachusetts regiment. I have given Mr. Jenks' reply from memory, being too feeble to look through my accumulated correspondence, and give his answer verbatim."

## MEMORY OF ANIMALS.

The proof that experience is the guide of life among the lower animals may be found very low in the scale of animal organisms.

The razor shell or mollusk, as soon as the tide retreats buries itself in the sand, often to the depth of several feet. The fishermen who hunt them use a long, thin rod, hooked at the end, or they sprinkle a little salt in the hole to drive out its occupant.

This generally succeeds; there is a movement in the sand, and half the creature appears on the surface. With a quick movement the fisherman tries to seize him. If this fails the mollusk vanishes into his hole, and all the blandishments of the fisher's art would fail to tempt him out a second time—the mollusk has profited by experience.

Similar conduct of animals which cannot be regarded as other than the result of experience may be noted among the most diverse species.

A fox that has once been caught in a trap and fortunately regained his freedom will profit by the experience, and beware of traps in the future. The same is true of many other animals and of birds also.

Quail which have once been netted by the allurements of the "call," if they regain their freedom, will never be allured by it again. Every hunter is familiar with the fact that it is much easier to outwit a young animal than an experienced one.

Bortase tells a very interesting story of how a lobster got the better of an oyster. The lobster several times inserted his claws in the half-opened shell, but the oyster always closed in time to save himself. The lobster then seized a stone and inserted it quickly into the cautiously opened shell and devoured the oyster. Monkeys secure oysters by the same trick, but there is nothing remarkable in that, as their intelligence is well known.

Kirby tells of the bees that after repeated raids of the "death's head" upon their store build a sort of bulwark about the hole or entrance to keep them out. Duges, says the Vienna *Stein der Weiser*, observed a spider which had seized a bee from behind, and thus hindered it from flying. The stronger bee, however, had its legs free and walked off with the spider, which tried to drag her into his den. The struggle lasted some time, when the spider lowered itself with its prey by a thread. The bee's legs were useless in mid-air, and the spider clung to her until he had accomplished his full purpose.

It is impossible to argue that these are exceptions, which afford no proof of a general intellectual capacity of animals. Every such experience is individual, and, from the circumstances of its origin, can not extend to the species. We must concede, too, that even among animals there are individuals much more highly gifted than the general rule of the species.

Innumerable instance are seen among horses, dogs, elephants and monkeys; to deny the fact would be to deny the capacity of animals for further development. The possibilities of such advance are, of course, limited, but so also is the possibility of human advance, although the boundary line is not yet in sight. The higher animals are much more ready to meet exceptional exigencies than the lower, both because their capacities are greater and because they have been more highly developed by a wide range of experiences.

### Climate and Vegetation.

Some interesting data have been collected by M. Angot, a French meteorologist, as to the relation between daily average temperature and the occurrence of various natural phenomena. His observations extend over eight years, and in all cases he has taken the average for the whole period.

According to M. Angot, says Belford's Magazine, the budding of the lilac leaves corresponds to a mean daily temperature of 48 degrees Fahrenheit, and their flowering to one of 52 degrees. The leaf-buds of the chestnut appeared at 50 degrees and its flowers at 58 degrees.

The oak requires a little higher temperature, its leaf-buds not being observed until the mean daily temperature was 51 degrees. The linden did not come into flower until the mean was 66 degrees.

The swallows appeared when the temperature rose to 50 degrees in the spring and left when it fell to 55 degrees in the fall. The last notes of the cuckoo were heard at 51 degrees, and the maybug appeared at an average of 53 degrees.

From observations on the different grains it appears that the sum of the total temperature over 41 degrees required before they reached the different stages of their growth was: For rye, 859 degrees to flowering and 1,153 degrees to harvest; for winter wheat, 1,273 degrees to flowering and 2,261 degrees to harvest for spring barley, 1,981 degrees.

These averages are based on a large number of observations taken in different parts of France.

### Fear and Cholera.

A striking example of the effects of fear in times of cholera is the following authentic fact, which is recorded in the newspapers of that time:

In 1853 or 1854, I now forget which, we had the cholera in Wien (Vienna). The professors at the great general hospital in the Alserstrasse had their hands full. A man by the name of Franz Holrieg was then awaiting the sentence of death for murder, and the director of the hospital presented a petition to Emperor Franz Josef to grant a full pardon to this man providing the culprit in return would consent to sleep in a bed from which the corpse of a cholera victim had just been removed. The Emperor granted a full pardon under the aforesaid condition and the condemned man was only too glad to comply. He was taken into the hospital and ordered to lie down at once in the same bed from which in his presence the corpse was removed. The man undressed and went to bed. In less than half an hour he began vomiting and in six hours he died from cholera.

The man died from cholera, which he took from fright. The corpse removed from the bed was not that of a cholera victim, but of a man who met his death from a gunshot wound. The experiment did not take place in the cholera wing but in the ward for skin diseases.—[Washington Star.

## PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

### Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

ANDERSON, the Delaware County leper, created a sensation in Middletown Township by visiting several stores and orchards. Good citizens declare that they will take the law into their own hands if not protected from him by the authorities.

THE effort to organize a choir of 300 voices in Wyoming Valley to compete at the World's Fair Exhibition having failed, Wilkes-Barre will make the attempt alone.

UNDER the decision of the Supreme Court the Westinghouse Companies save $95,000 of taxes claimed by the State in capital stock.

THE York and Northampton County fairs opened at York and Nazareth, respectively, with large crowds in attendance.

THE Commonwealth's testimony was closed in the Swengel murder case at Middleburg and the defense opened.

THE town of Mifflinburg, Union County, celebrated its centennial.

MISS ETHEL BARNEY, aged 15, whose parents separated when she was a child and who since lived with her father in the far West, on returning to her mother at Ashley, Luzerne county, became insane with joy and has been sent to Danville Asylum.

THE Women's Foreign Missionary Society met in Harrisburg. The report of Mrs. Foss, the treasurer, shows receipts during the year of $27,143.44 and disbursements of $29,146.76. The delegates were received at the Executive mansion by Mrs. Pattison.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Alliance is in session at New Castle, 100 delegates, representing twenty-five counties being present.

SNOW fell throughout the Central and Eastern counties, and in some places was accompanied by hail and sleet and a great fall in temperature.

JOHN CULVER, an Allentown business man, has disappeared from his home, leaving business troubles and a family behind.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, John Petre and Fred Carver were fatally burned by an explosion of gas at No. 11 Colliery, Plymouth.

THE Twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry met at Gettysburg, elected officers and decided to erect a monument by private subscription.

AT a Polish christening at Centralia, a child was given whisky to drink and subsequently staggered into a tub of water and was drowned.

JACK RAMSEY, the "pal" of Frank Cooley, who was killed by Sheriff McCormick's posse, was captured near Fairchance and is now in jail. It is believed that the death of Cooley and the capture of Ramsey will cause the remainder of the gang to disperse and leave Fayette county.

FOUR young men entered a bank at Erie during the excitement occasioned by a runaway horse, which they had started, and attempted to raid the place. They shot Cashier Kepler in the face, but were thwarted in their design and afterward captured. Kepler's wound is not dangerous.

RUDOLPH SMITH, the colored hodcarrier of Media, who killed his wife last April, was sentenced to twelve years solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary, having been convicted of murder in the second degree.

CONSTABLE WADE, of Scranton, is in the hospital in a precarious condition from a beating he got from Hungarians while attempting the arrest of one of them.

BLACK diphtheria has broken out among the Poles at Avondale, Luzerne county.

THE strike inaugurated at the Catasauqua Iron Works in July, 1891, for the Amalgamated scale, has been officially declared off.

CHARLES MARTIN, who pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree at Media, was sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary.

### Relics of a Bygone Age.

Some prospectors who have just returned to San Francisco from an expedition in search of a "lost mine," supposed to be situated in the heart of the Colorado desert (which, of course, they did not find), came across some interesting relics of a bygone age. One of these was an old fort some distance north of Indian Wells, which is near the border line of Mexico. From the pottery picked up in the ruins, it was evidently of Aztec origin. Near Sackett's Wells the explorers found the ribs and prow of an old boat half-buried in the sand. How it came there is a mystery, since no stream of water flows within hundreds of miles of the spot. In the neighborhood of Cashasos Mountain a shallow cave containing the skeletons of ten Indians was discovered. The Lagunas, a local tribe, have a superstitious dread of this opening, because the Indians whose bones are there deposited were killed by a stroke of lightning. While the prospectors were searching the desert north of Mountain Springs in the end of February they experienced in one day no less than 200 shocks of earthquake. At another time, while they were resting under a mesquite tree the ground cracked open almost under them, so that they were able to see down twenty feet into the earth. The same shock that caused this crevice destroyed the hot springs at Jacomba, which had been flowing for a great many years.

### Flossie's Fancies.

Flossie was spending a month in the country, and the second evening after her arrival she was taken out to see the milking.

"Well," she said, when a glass of warm milk was handed her, "that's the first time I ever saw a milk wagon with four legs."

Hens and eggs were objects of interest to her also, but she did not see a turkey until she had made the rounds of the hennery, and then she frightened up a great old gobbler in the melon patch. He made a rush for the fence and she fell over a watermelon.

"What's that, Flossie?" inquired her mother.

"I don't know," she said, as she brushed her dress, "but I guess it is the kind of hen that lays watermelons."—Free Press.

## *THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies the land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-Be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody;
O, such a land, with such a sea,
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-Be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with bells of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-Be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their sweet faces up to me
Out of the past; I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-Be.

I love yo all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings, like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies.
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dreams of Used-to-Be.

## AN EYE WITNESS.

In spite of the fact that added years are serious inconvenience to people who, like myself, have passed beyond the boundary of middle age, I can still lay claim to a fair portion of my former activity and vigor.

My home is naturally with my only daughter, whose interests and affections are centred in her husband and little children, and who never cares to leave the country, where she has lived since her marriage. As for me, if my joints are a trifle stiffer than of yore, my spirits have not yet lost their elasticity, and I cannot bear the monotony of a quiet life bereft of outside diversions.

To me the country is charming. From the time of nature's awakening till the reapers have gathered the harvest, each flower, each twig, each tender grass shoot speaks its own silent, beautiful language. The chirping of the birds, the droning of the bees, the various sounds that issue from the poultry yard and stables, the baying of the hounds, and, above all, the prattle of innocent children, appeal to me strongly, and at such times I am all that could be expected of a model grandmother. I have my easy chair, which my good son-in-law rolls into a pleasant corner. I have my spectacles, my knitting and my reminiscences all ready to make use of at the first opportunity, and my dear Nellie rejoices at seeing me so contented. Poor, deluded child! With the last autumn leaves and the first moaning of the winds through the bare tree tops I make ready for flight, and Nellie reluctantly does my packing, shaking her head the while over my folly.

But it is not foolish, this desire for human intercourse, for while nature sleeps I crave my kind. I delight to mingle with them in the busy city and study them in my own peculiar way. Nellie cannot understand this, her home duties absorb her and narrow her views. Practically my life is on the wane. I have loved, I have wedded and been widowed. I have reared my child and have lived to see her a happy wife and mother, and now that my work is finished—now that I am no longer needed—I must have a vent for my surplus energy. I cannot end my days in the proverbial chimney nook, whither all old women who have served their time are relegated, no, not while I have feet to carry me wheresoever I will.

It was through such forcible arguments that I generally overruled Nellie's objections, and so it happened, at the particular season of which I write, I found myself most charmingly situated in one of the choice localities of the city, with friends who, for the sake of past associations, were willing to accommodate me.

My rooms were delightful, but my circle of acquaintances was so large, my invitations and engagements so numerous that I spent little time in my cozy quarters until brought to a sudden halt in my gayeties by a twinge of lumbago, with which Providence saw fit to afflict me for my unseemly frivolity. I still wrote cheerful letters to Nellie, however, never mentioning my complaint, standing, truth to tell, rather in awe of her inevitable "I told you so!"

During my close confinement I viewed life from my front windows, and discovered that even with such a limited range of observation I might find something to amuse and interest.

At first I only noticed casually the heterogeneous procession that passed up and down the street, but after a while I commenced to single out individuals who attracted my attention by reason of some distinguishing characteristic, and finally I became so absorbed in my contemplation of two striking figures that I allowed the other to go by unheeded. Now I blame myself for this, as it cost me much trouble and annoyance and taught me a lesson I shall not quickly forget.

The more prominent of these two was a young man whose age could not have been over 25. His face was so boyish that I thought he could scarcely claim so many years, but on account of his splendid figure and dignified bearing I gave him the benefit of the doubt. What first drew me towards him was his walk. It was the most even I ever saw. His steps were firm and resounding, nor neither hurried nor lagging. There is much in a walk, and I am sure there was a great deal in that young man's.

I have always openly admitted my fondness for the other sex, as, indeed, every woman should if she is not a hypocrite, but I am generally inclined so favorably towards them that I am apt to err sometimes on the side of lenience. I seem to find more excuses for their faults and follies, more sympathy with their temptations. In short, I like them, old as I am, and the many good men whose lives have passed directly under my scrutiny, inspire me with a degree of tenderness that I have never yet felt for the best of women.

There was something clerical in the dress and bearing of this particular young man, and I decided without hestation that he was either a student of divinity or perhaps a full-fledged minister, and this added to the respect that his appearance commanded.

Well, my young man,—I will call him mine for the present—to go back to my narrative, first attracted me by his walk, next by his fine appearance, and last, though not least, by an eager look of expectancy that dawned on his face as he hurried along the opposite sidewalk each afternoon. I often wondered at the cause of his emotion, for he quickened his pace as he reached my window, as if anxious to meet some one without the range of my vision.

Though fast getting well, my lumbago had crippled me somewhat, and prudence still kept me a prisoner in my easy chair, so I could not just then gratify my curiosity by walking to the further window to find out what pleasure awaited my clerical friend on the corner beyond. But I seized my opportunity as soon as I could limp about the room, and at last discovered the mystery. It was, as I thought, a woman, a very youthful and pretty one at that, and both she and my young man seemed so completely absorbed in each other that I abandoned my claim on the instant, and bringing my hero down from the clouds where I had set him, I sighed to think him only human after all.

A romance was brewing. I was sure of that, to judge by these meetings, which were of daily occurrence, and of deep interest to at least three persons in this busy world, the fair Helen—for so I had christened her; the ardent Paris—an inappropriate title, but it served my purpose; and my insignificant self.

At 4 o'clock precisely Helen and I began our watch, she at her street corner, I at my window. After about ten or fifteen minutes Paris joined his sweetheart, and together they walked briskly up the street.

I had grasped the whole story with that species of feminine wit which our admirers call divination.

Helen was an heiress—one could see at a glance she was rich by the unobtrusive elegance of her dress, and she loved Paris against the wishes of her family and friends, else why those clandestine meetings on the corner?

Her people, no doubt, favored a match of more worldly pretensions, but Helen was evidently determined to be true to Paris, wherein she differed from the Trojan Helen, whose shining virtue was not faithfulness. Thus far I gave her my grudging approval, but I saw a great deal to displease me in that young person's unconventional behavior.

She did nothing culpable as far as propriety was concerned, but there was a certain dependence in her manner towards him. So open, so patent to the casual observer, that I felt like shaking her for exposing her private emotions on a public thoroughfare. She should have been demure, and should have carried her hands meekly in her muff, instead of folding them carelessly over the black coat sleeve. She should not have taken his arm in broad daylight even if they were engaged. I can find a great many excuses for young people, remembering my own youth very plainly, but above all they should be proper. Most likely the young man was more to blame, but in my eyes he was all that could be desired.

I mistrusted the girl, and decided after a week's careful observation that she was a coquette. I highly disapproved of the match which began to look inevitable, and resolved if I could help it, Paris should not be caught by the subtle witchery of a pretty face.

I was, indeed, thankful when my probation was over, and I went for a gentle walk each day. Generally I timed my little excursions so that I might meet Helen and Paris as they sauntered along. I must own that my opinion of the young lady was considerably modified when I met her face to face. There was no coquetry in the depth of those gray eyes, nor in the tender curves of her mouth, and I certainly know if I had been a man I should have fallen in love with just such a dear little graceful creature.

She looked a mere atom compared with the stalwart Paris, but to judge from his rapt expression one would have thought the whole world was embodied in the being who walked beside him.

I contrived to meet them frequently, and must confess I was growing impatient over their lengthy courtship. My disposition is naturally impulsive, and cannot brook delay. If anything is to be done—I feel like Macbeth—"twere well 'twere done quickly." But then it takes many people to make a world, and all I could do was to bide in patience, and let those lovers take their time.

At length, one day, I was rewarded. Passing by the interesting couple with that studied look of pre-occupation which I had learned to assume, I heard the young man say to his companion:

"Well, dear, why not do it at once? There is danger in delay."

The girl laughed nervously, I thought, but made no reply, and I heard Paris say:

"It is only a few steps now to the parsonage. It is best to get it over. We can take the 6 o'clock train."

I wondered if they dectected anything unusual in my manner as I brushed by them at this juncture, for I was stirred to the highest pitch of excitement, and when their backs were turned upon me I halted to collect my scattered senses. The lovers were about to elope in broad daylight. They were on their way to the parsonage, which nestled in the shelter of the big church close by, unconscious that a third person was in possession of their secret.

I stood for some moments uncertain how to act; indeed, it was not my business to act at all; I knew that very well if love chose to laugh at bolts and bars it was surely no affair of mine. Nevertheless I was interested in these young people, and was sorry that a runaway match was to be the result of their love making.

I had pictured to myself Paris heroically storming the breastwork of objections raised against him, and leading his pretty bride in triumph to the altar before an admiring assembly of friends. But such was not to be, and as I turned it over in my mind I began to consider what I would have done had my Nellie committed such an indiscretion. Nellie, who had been a pattern of sedateness from the time she could crawl!

Would it not be kind to spare the feelings of the girl's parents, and perhaps save the girl herself from remorse for her rash act? Would it not be well to have a timely conference with the minister whose good offices they were seeking, and give a few words of motherly warning to this pretty, erring child? Somehow I never thought of Paris as culpable.

While I stood meditating I retraced my steps and followed the couple as fast as my lameness would permit. When I reached the parsonage the door had just closed behind them, and, before ringing the bell myself, I paused once more to rest and reflect.

What should I gain by my interference? I knew nothing of those people, who most likely would laugh at me for my pains, if they were not indeed exceedingly angry. Cupid would not give ear to the objections of a silly old woman, whose hold of life was slipping from her and who should by rights be thinking of her future state instead of meddling with what did not concern her.

"Is the minister at home?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but he's engaged just now."

My worst fears were realized—he must be performing the ceremony.

"My business is important," I said, "could I see him for just one moment?"

"I'll ask, ma'am. Shall I take in your card?"

"There is hardly need. I will not detain him."

The servant eyed me sharply, and having satisfied herself that I was not one of those genial paupers who haunt ministerial abodes nor yet an obnoxious peddler in petticoats, admitted me into a small reception room.

I was beginning to tremble at my boldness and fear for the consequences, but I was not kept long in suspense. A portiere was pushed aside and Helen advanced toward me. Here, indeed, was an opportunity and I snatched at it.

My presence was evidently a surprise, for she descried me and looked at me inquiringly. I noticed she still wore her hat and cloak.

"I beg your pardon," she said, retreating a little. "I did not know any one was here."

"I am waiting for the minister," was my rejoinder, "but pray do not go. I have something to say to you also."

The young lady sat down and looked at me expectantly.

"My dear," I began with much feeling, "you must pardon an old woman for having taken an undue interest in you and your concerns; it is only from the best of motives. I have noticed for some time your constant meeting with a handsome gentleman. You have both appealed to me strangely, and it is more than mere curiosity that prompts me to action. I know that you love each other. Even older eyes than mine could see that. But in passing you on the street just now I overheard some words which led me to fear a clandestine marriage, and I have come here to deter you from such a purpose. I beg you will not resent my interference," I added, hastily, seeing the color mount to her face, while at the same time an amused look came into the gray eyes and the mouth twitched irrepressibly.

"I think you are laboring under a mistake," she said gently. "Neither the gentleman nor I ever contemplated a runaway marriage."

"But surely," I gasped, feeling my charming air castles about to tumble, "you are lovers still?"

The blush grew deeper, and the girl smiled as she answered: "Yes, I may say we are lovers still."

"But—" I stammered, "but—" I got no further, for a pleasant voice sounded through the hall:

"Edith, where are you?"

"Here," answered the young lady, and in another moment Paris himself stood before me.

There was an awkward pause, during which we eyed each other curiously. Helen, or rather Edith, broke the silence.

"My dear madame, you wished to see the minister, did you not? Well, he is here before you, and allow me, at the same time, to introduce my husband, the Rev. Mr. Melton. We have been married only a short while, and, as you have seen, the air of the honeymoon still lingers around us." She clasped his arm as she spoke, and glanced tenderly into his face. He looked bewildered at the scene, and as for me my feelings cannot be expressed.

I rose unsteadily, and, muttering an apology, moved toward the door, but little Mrs. Melton was before me, and grasped both my hands in a sweet, cordial way.

"You must not feel badly at your mistake," she urged, in a soft, coaxing voice. "We were only discussing a disagreeable visit we had to pay out of town when you passed us, and—and your conclusion was very natural—only we outstripped your conjectures," she added, with a bright laugh, in which her husband joined.

I groped about for my vanished self-respect, assisted by the kindly tact of the lady who strove to set me at my ease, and I must admit since that memorable day I have been more friendly toward my own sex. The Rev. John Melton made no effort to help me out of my quandary, from which his dear little wife rescued me so nobly.

Of course, I explained most volubly, and my impertinence was overlooked and I was invited to dine with the Rev. John and his wife, but I have been taught a lesson, as I said before.

I am still interested in all that occurs around me, but I never on any account indulge my very vivid imagination. I find the world can go on living and loving without my assistance, and if the course of true love does not run smooth I will neither heed nor hinder the runaways, for I have indulged in my first and last dose of circumstantial evidence.—[Philadelphia Times.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Wise Provision of Nature—Quite Possible—Wearing on Him—A Filial Tribute Spoiled.**

WISE PROVISION OF NATURE.

Little Dot—I wonder why it is grown folks' noses get so thin and hooked when they grow old?

Little Dick—Huh! Any one might know why that is. It's to hold the spectacles.—[Good News.

QUITE POSSIBLE.

Billings, Jr.—Pa, if an animal breaks his back does he get humpbacked like a human being?

Billings, Sr.—Yes, my son; but what makes you ask such a question?

Billings, Jr.—I was just wondering if the hump on the camel was caused by the last straw.—[Truth.

WEARING ON HIM.

Mr. Scraggs—That man Jones never pays his fare; he just travels on his face.

Mr. Scraggs—I wondered what made his features look so irregular.

A FILIAL TRIBUTE SPOILED.

Popinjay—I certainly was well brought up as a boy. To whom do you suppose I owe all that I have?

Billijay—To your creditors.

QUITE FREQUENTLY, YES.

"Now that we are together again for another season's work," said the teacher in the mission Sunday-school, "we will have to arrange for a little entertainment—by the way," she added, "can any of you children tell me what an entertainment is?"

Up went a little hand in one of the back benches.

"Well, what is it, Sammy?"

"It's sumpin' ter eat."—[Detroit Tribune.

PLENTY OF TABLE.

Friend—How do you like the table at Mrs. Slimdiet's?

Livermore—Well, when one gets up from it, there is nothing left to be desired.

TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP.

The Professor—In some respects Miss Whackster is a highly gifted young woman. At school, I remember, she excelled in mathematics. In a large class in geometry she was easily the first.

Miss Laura Kajones—Yes, the dear girl always was so—so angular, you know.

KNEW JACK.

Penelope—Jack really loves me after all.

Perdita—What makes you so certain?

Penelope—Why, darling, he tried to make me believe that he loved you.

SUCH A TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

Mr. Flatteman (who has been attempting to shave himself)—Quick, Arabella, fetch me a towel or something, I've nearly cut my throat and it's bleeding terribly!

Mrs. Flatteman—Oh, Henry, how inconsiderate you are—bleeding on the bedroom carpet, when I've often told you not to shave anywhere but in the bathroom.—[New York Herald.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

She—But I can't cook and I hate to wash dishes.

He—Then I am decidedly the one you should marry. I can't afford to buy anything to cook, and so we won't need dishes.—[Life.

A PRIZE PACKAGE.

Wilson—She don't hear me. She's all wrapped up in a newspaper.

Brown—There are not many newspapers that have such valuable contents.—[King's Jester.

NO WONDER THE PARROTS SWEAR.

Little Tommy Whykins had been wrestling with a piece of hardtack. "Mamma," said he, after a silence.

"What is it?"

"If poll-parrots get all the crackers they ask for, I don't wonder they learn to swear."—[Washington Star.

THE WRONG PERSON BLAMED.

"Are you aware," said the man in the rear fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?"

"It isn't my umbrella," replied the man in front, with equal fierceness, "it's a borrowed one, sir."—[Exchange.

EASILY BELIEVED.

Mary—Mebbe I'm ugly now, ma'am, but in my day I've broken many a heart.

Mistress—Well, Mary, if you handle hearts the way you do my china, I believe you.

NOT ENTHUSIASTIC.

Charlie—May I announce our engagement at once?

Clara—Not yet. Perhaps both of us may be able to do better.

GOOD ADVICE.

"What is the matter with you, Gus?" asked Mr. Murray Hill of Gus de Smith.

"I was engaged to be married to Miss Birdie McGinnis and now she has gone back on me."

"Don't let that worry you, Gus. As pretty a girl as she is will soon find some other young man to marry," replied Mr. Murray Hill.—[Texas Siftings.

ROUGHLY HANDLED.

Weggie—A wude, wough man I never saw before said "Hello!" to me in the tweet to-day.

Cholly—Gwacious! weren't you fwightened?—[New York Herald.

DISCOURAGING LOGIC.

Johnnie—Ma, I want a bicycle.

Mother—Johnnie, you should not desire anything too eagerly in this world.

Johnnie (hedging)—But I don't want it very badly.

Mother (decidedly)—Well, I can't encourage every little passing whim. You can't have it.—[New York Herald.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

Little Boy—Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw.

Mother—What is?

"I just saw our school teacher on the bench a-laughin' just like other people."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

She (quizzingly)—So you married her after saving her life?

He—Yes.

She—And I understand that she is very rich?

He—Yes.

She—How lucky for you!

He—Yes—but think how lucky it would have been for me if I had been married to her before she fell overboard.

SNUBBED.

Clara (thinking to make Ethel envious)—You can't imagine how delightfully Charlie makes love.

Ethel—Oh, yes, I can. He used to try it with me till I snubbed him.

HOW TO INCREASE THE CIRCULATION.

"I wish I could strike some plan by which I could double my circulation," remarked a Texas editor.

"There are several ways by which that can be accomplished," replied a friend.

"Name them."

"Well, get married. Then two hearts will beat as one and consequently you'll have doubled your circulation."—[Texas Siftings.

HIS ONLY FAULT.

"Mr. Hollins is a splendid fellow, I think," said Miss Perkins.

"Yes," said Ethel; "but he is very absent-minded. When we were first engaged he used to call me Alice all the time—he said that was his mother's name, which was also very forgetful, because I've found out since it was Mary."—[Harper's Bazar.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Van Winkle—Is the house you are building coming within the limit?

Von Blumer—Yes, indeed. I was peculiarly fortunate. The architect happened to be a friend of mine, and he is putting me up a $2,000 house for only $5,000.—[Truth.

THE CONVENIENCE OF FASHION.

Mr. McFad—By Jove, I burst my suspenders.

Mrs. McFad—Take mine. I will use your sash.—[Judge.

A HINT.

Young Wife—Do you love me still, George?

Young Husband—You have asked me that a dozen of times to-day, and I have answered yes.

Y. W.—But you don't love anybody else?

Y. H.—I don't—not yet.

AN EFFORT OF MEMORY.

Charlie—I think—ah—I must have seen you before.

Prunella—Yes. You were introduced to me in the drawing-room about five minutes ago.

A LONGER WORD.

Miss Bleecker (patting her friend on the shoulder)—Never say die!

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I do not. I always say expire.—[Judge.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Miss Boodle—Count, how do you know that your diamonds are genuine?

Count—By ze advances of ze pawnbrokaire.—[Tid-bits.

WELL SHAKEN.

She shook my hand. I felt the thrill
Of her soft touch. I feel it still.
And when, presuming on that touch,
I foolishly essayed too much,
And said I loved her—urged my plea—
By all that's good she shook the rest of me.

—[Detroit Free Press.

A GOOD SCHEME.

Tourist—Do those scarecrows save your crops?

Farmer—They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if th' clothes is wuth stealin', w'ich they ain't, an' that scares th' crows away.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

Foreman of the Locked-In Jury (impatiently)—The rest of us are agreed, and you would see the case as we do if you had an ounce of brains.

Obstinate Juror (reflectively)—But that's just the trouble; I've got more than an ounce.—[Tid Bits.

MARKED ATTENTIONS.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price tag off any of his presents."—[Washington Star.

### Getting Weighed.

Two friends approach. One is a dumpling of a woman and the other as thin as a match. The fleshy person mounts first. Higher and higher climb the scales. She looks thoroughly disgusted, as her companion cautiously manipulates the weigher. "One hundred and thirty-six? I don't believe it. The old thing is out of order. No? Well, Madge, you are just too horrid." Madge lightly steps into place, and with a laugh and a "here goes," anxiously scrutinizes the maneuvers of he machine. But it doesn't go; sticks ast, in fact, at 100. Not a half pound more will it give the young woman, who has been building her hopes upon fresh milk, country fare and complete rest to fill out the hollows and cover up ugly angles. "My, but I envy you," sighs her fleshy friend. "Well, you needn't," snaps the disappointed one. "Look at your lovely neck and arms. Why, anything becomes you just because you can show such tantalizing bits of white flesh, while I must plan continually to cover up my bones. It is simply exasperating, and here I have been trying so hard all the season to catch a few extra pounds." "And I," said the other, "have never worked so hard in all my life at the oar as I have this summer, and all in the hope that I might lose a layer or two of extra flesh."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

## POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

SEA AND LAND.—John Murray, a member of the Challenger expedition, and one of the highest living authorities on oceanography, estimates the area of the dry land on the globe at 55,000,000 square miles and the area of the ocean at 137,200,000 square miles. He estimates the volume of the dry land above the level of the sea at 23,000,000 cubic miles, and the volume of the water of the ocean at 323,000,000 cubic miles. He fixes the mean height of the land above the sea at 2,250 feet, and the mean depth of the whole ocean at 12,480 feet. Of course these results are only approximate, but they help to render our ideas of these matters more definite. Mr. Murray also estimates that the rivers of the earth carry into the ocean every year two and one-half cubic miles of sediment. To this must be added the matter carried to the sea in solution, which is estimated at 1,183 miles of matter. Together, then, the amount of matter carried from the land each year is 3.7 cubic miles. It would thus according to this calculation, take 6,340,000 years to transport the whole of the solid land down to the sea.

A MONSTER TELESCOPE.—Some scientific interest and much popular curiosity have been aroused, says the *Tribune*, by the announcement of the monster telescope it is proposed to construct for the French World's Fair of 1900. "Other worlds than ours" possess a strong fascination for both the learned and unlearned. A flaring comet, or a solar eclipse, sets all the world agog, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that the recent near approach of Mars, and the observations that were made of that planet, commanded more general interest than almost any other topic of current news. When the great Lick telescope was first put to use, there was intense eagerness to know what new revelations its unmatched power would make. What, then, will be the popular interest in observations through an instrument far more in advance of the great tube on Mount Hamilton than that is in advance of its predecessors? M. Deloncle's plan is to make a reflecting telescope of unprecedented dimensions. Its focal length is to be 132 feet. Its disc will be of glass, nine feet ten inches in diameter, nineteen and a half inches thick, and about nine tons in weight. Its cost will be $500,000, and it can be completed in time for use in 1900. Perhaps some comparisons will make the above dimensions more intelligible. The great reflecting telescope of Mr. Commons, at Ealing, England, which is considered the most perfect of that type now in use, has a disc of only three feet. Leverrier's, in Paris, is a little larger. The Ellery reflector, at Melbourne, measures four feet, with a focal length of thirty-two feet. The old Herschel telescope, now out of use, has a diameter of four feet and a length of forty feet. And the monumental instrument of Lord Ross has a tube fifty-five feet long, and gathers light with a speculum no less than six feet in diameter. M. Deloncle is, therefore, probably not far beyond the mark in estimating that the light-gathering power of his proposed telescope will be four times as great as that of any now in use, and will reveal stars of only one-fourth the apparent magnitude of the smallest now visible. Its magnifying power will be some 15,000 times, and—perhaps the most expressive fact of all—it will make visible on the surface of the moon objects not more than five feet square.

### The Antiquity and Interest of Death Masks.

Although there is no mention of death masks in the works of Homer, or in any of the later classics, recent explorers have satisfied themselves that in the early burials of all nations it was the custom to cover the heads and bodies of the dead with sheets of gold so pliable that they took the impress of the form; and not infrequently, when in the course of centuries the embalmed flesh had shriveled or fallen away, the gold retained the exact cast of the features. Schliemann found a number of bodies "covered with large masks of gold plate in repousse work," several of which have been reproduced by means of engraving in his "Mycenæ;" and he asserts that there can be no doubt whatever that each one of these represents the likeness of the deceased person whose face it covered.

When Hamlet said that Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, he overlooked the fact that Alexander's dust, instead of being converted to loam to stop a beer barrel, was preserved from corruption by the process of embalming, and from external injury by being cased in the most precious metals. Pettigrew, in his "History of Egyptian Mummies," says of the death mask of Alexander that "it was a sort of chase-work, and of such a nature that it could be applied so closely to the skin as to preserve not only the form of the body, but also to give the expression of the features to the countenance." He does not quote his authority for this statement, but it is unquestionably derived from the account of the death and burial of Alexander, written by Diodorus Siculus, who said: "And first a coffin of beaten gold was provided, so wrought by the hammer as to answer to the proportions of the body; it was half filled with aromatic spices, which served as well to delight the sense as to prevent the body from putrefaction." Then follows a description of the funeral chariot and the long line of march from Babylon to Alexandria, where Augustus Cæsar saw the tomb three hundred years later; but there is no reference to a mask of Alexander's face in gold.

The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter; it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was, or is, not only as others saw him, in the actual flesh, but as he saw himself. And in the case of the death mask particularly, it shows the subject often as he permitted no one but himself to see himself. He does not pose; he does not try to look pleasant." In his mask he is seen, as it were, with his mask off!—[From "A Collection of Death Masks," by Laurence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine.

Toques of black velvet with cream lace garniture are worn.

Father of Mrs. S. W. Smith

x x x

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. OCT. 13.

THE RACKET.

Largest Assortment.
Lowest Prices.
Latest Styles.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

## PERSONAL.

——Mrs. Witmer Wolf and children left last week for a visit with Mrs. Wolf's sister, Mrs. Sartain, at Mercersburg.

——Mr. and Mrs. Barber, of Joliet, Illinois, are guests at the home of Mr. George M. Boal.

——Miss Beckie Derstine, who has been spending several weeks with her brother, in Lewistown, returned home last week.

### Death of Prof. Lieb.

Prof. David M. Lieb, who has been at the head of the public schools in Bellefonte since 1878 and who resigned his position a short time ago on account of declining health, died last Fribay morning , aged about 36 years. His death has cast a gloom over Bellefonte, where the deceased was held in the very highest esteem because of his excellent christian character and general worth as a citizen.

### The Columbian Postage Stamps.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has signed a contract for the new issue of what will be known as the Columbian series of postage stamps. The stamps will be of the same height as the present issue, but will be twice the width, and the illustrations will include various scenes connected with Columbus' voyage and discovery. The new stamps will be ready about January 1st.

### Millinery Display.

Miss M. Snyder, Bishop street, Bellefonte, having returned from New York with a magnificent line of French pattern hats and bonnets, will give a grand display of the goods commencing Thursday and Friday, October 13th and 14th. All are cordially invited to inspect the new goods.

### Not To Be a Hard Winter.

This will not be a severe winter, says the sign-observing oldest inhabitant, for the big brown caterpillars are all brown, having upon them no brown stripes, indicative of the amount of severe weather and the time when we expect it.

### The Happy Boy.

Chestnuts are ripe and the street boy is happy. He will do five dollars worth of hard work and miles of walking to gather in five cents worth of chestnuts a day. But it makes him sleep well with a good appetite thrown in when the day is over.

### Behind the Times.

Down in some parts of Texas there is a drought and low waters, and people are praying for rain. Up here in our fast town it is different,—when there is a dry spell and low water some folks cuss the water company. Texas is fifty years behind the times.

### $2.50 per Bushel.

Chestnuts are being purchased by the merchants at $2.50 per bushel. The crop is a big one and the price will gradually fall below that in a week or so, as they are harvested.

### Receive Our Thanks.

Thanks to those of our friends who have made remittances in response to the REPORTER'S call. Go and do likewise.

——A new stock of fall and winter overcoats at Lewins, Bellefonte.

# A COOL SUICIDE.

## AN EARLY MORNING SUICIDE AT BELLEFONTE.

**Alexander Hoover Deliberately Fires a Ball Into His Brain at the Bellefonte Depot on Saturday Morning.**

Bellefonte was thrown into an excitement on last Saturday morning by the sensational manner in which a self murder was committed at the Bellefonte passenger depot, by James Alexander Hoover. Hoover was a man aged about forty years, and had been working in a lumber yard near Pittsburg until July last, when he was injured about the head and breast by having a pile of lumber fall upon him. He recovered from the effects of his injuries, but the accident left his mind in an affected state and to this cause can be attributed his rash act.

Hoover had gone to the depot and purchased a ticket for Tyrone, intending to take the 5.35 train, and while waiting on the train he approached William Reasner, the night watchman, and requested of him a chew of tobacco. Reasner has but one arm and he told Hoover to get the tobacco from his coat pocket. In the pocket was a 32 calibre self-acting revolver which Hoover pulled out and began examining it, at the same time plying Reasner with questions concerning it, when he placed the weapon to his right temple and pulled the trigger, sending the leaden messenger on its errand of death into his brain, and he fell to the depot platform. Death ensued in about one minute after the firing of the ball. The suicide occurred about 5.45, before the arrival of the train.

A crowd quickly gathered and an undertaker was summoned, who took the body to the home of the parents with whom Hoover still resided. His father, David Hoover, resides near Roopsburg. His body was prepared for burial and the funeral took place on Monday afternoon.

The suicide was sudden and deliberate. Hoover was in a good humor a few minutes before committing the deed. He was unmarried.

### A Bear Attacks a Man.

Daniel Weaver, who lives at the foot of the mountain in Lancaster valley, Armagh township, came near being killed by an infuriated she bear last Saturday evening. Mr. Weaver's dogs were making quite a noise in the brush just back of his stable and supposing they were worrying some cattle running at large he went out to see about the matter not thinking to take any fire arms along; he pushed through the brush right into the embrace of the ferocious animal. The bear at once commenced clawing him, having the man almost at her mercy, but fortunately the dogs kept up their attack and after a severe tussel he succeeded in freeing himself. He was fearfully torn, his entrails being exposed from the wound, and his arms dreadfully mangled. It is hoped he may recover. The bear escaped.—*Free Press.*

### Hicks' Forecasts for October.

Autumn storms of rain, with possible snow to the west and north, will prevail at the beginning of October. Behind the storms and up to about the 7th and 8th, it will be very cool with frost to tho northward. Warmer at these dates with much tendency to storminess. From 12th to 15th it will turn much warmer and result in more storms, beginning in the west and traveling to the east. Navigators of the lakes should be watchful of all these storms. A freezing blast from northwest will follow this period. The 19th and 20th are active storm days. Be watchful of what they may bring and the cold wave following. The 24th to 27th expect storms, and frost and freezing up to about the 30th—a reactionary day.

### An Old Penny.

Ex-cheriff Spangler, a few days ago, found a penny in his cornfield across the valley, with the figures 1794 quite plain. It is the old copper cent, with liberty cap on one side and a wreath on the other and the words "United States of America." This cent will be 100 years old in 1894, and certainly is a relic worth having.

### Quarterly Conference.

Quarterly Conference will meet in the Methodist church in Centre Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, October 14, and 15th. Services on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock and Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock, at which time the Lord's supper will be administered.

### In the Balance.

The twin babies of Mrs. Grundy, who accidentaly kill her brunken husband, near Osceola, recently, are both dead and the mother's life is trembling in the balance. The babies were born only a day prior to the killing of Grundy.

### Attend to It.

Subscribers to whom we have sent bills will oblige by making remittance before the end of this month. Attend to this.

——When you make a purchase at Lewins, Bellefonte, you are guaranteed satisfaction and full returns for your money.

### CAUGHT BY THE TUMBLING SHAFT.

**A Serious Accident to William Kuhn near Linden Hall.**

Last Tuesday morning an accident occurred at the farm of Mr. Henry Gingrich, about a mile from Linden Hall, which may yet be attended with more serious consequences. Mr. Wm. Kuhn, of Boalsburg, was assisting in threshing at the barn of Mr. Gingrich, and the power was furnished the machine by a horse power. Mr. Kuhn was driving and operating the power. He was standing on the machine when one of the horses became loose and while the machine was in motion he endeavored to step down off it and fasten the horse. At a knuckle in the tumbling shaft the pin had been lost which fastened the knuckle, and a spike was substituted, which when in place protruded about two inches from the shaft. When Mr. Kuhn stepped off the power the spike in the shaft caught his pantaloons at the bottom, and still revolving rapidly, threw him to the ground and ripped his pantaloons, drawers and part of his shirt from him in an instant. The shaft was revolving rapidly and the spike lacerated him in a horrible manne r about the private organs. He was a mass of bruises about the lower portion of the body. Twenty-one stitches were required to sew up the gash made by the spike, and Mr. Kuhn may also have sustained internal injuries. He was removed to his home in Boalsburg the same day.

### Reduced Rates to Chicago.

For people desiring to attend the Dedicatory Ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, October 20th and 22nd, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets at a rate of one and one-third the first-class limited fare, from October 18th to 20th inclusive, good for return passage until October 25the inclusive. For the accommodation of United States troops and enrolled State militia in uniform, traveling on continuous solid train tickets in bodies of not less than twenty-five, tickets will be sold at a rate of one fare for the round trip from October 17th to 19th inclusive, to be good going only on the date of sale, and good for return passage until October 25th.

### Council Meeting.

The Council met in regular session last Friday evening in the council rooms. All members were present. The minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. Several bills were presented, which were approved and orders drawn for same. The chief burgess was allowed a fee of five per cent. for services on money collected by him from licenses granted. During the picnic $78 was collected by the burgess and an order was drawn for him for $3.90, being five per cent. on $78. No other business of any importance was transacted and a motion was made to adjourn which was carried.

### Associate Judge Rhoads Paralyzed.

Daniel Rhoads, one of the present Associate Judges of Centre County, and seventy-three years of age, had a stroke of paralysis at 5.30 b. m. on Saturday, and is in a critical condition.

The Judge's numerous friends will be sorry to learn this news. He is a gentleman universally respected, and as an associate judge he was upright and true to his important duties. We always had in him a valued friend, and hope he may recover.

### Disgraced Their Uniforms.

Two Shamokin firemen were arrested at Hazleton for being drunk and tearing down decorations. When searched by the police the following articles were found in their possession: One dozen table spoons, eight napkins, seven beer and three whiskey glasses, knives, forks, salt and pepper dishes, two women's night gowns, a pair of corsets, two pillow shams and numerous other small articles.

### Pushing a Wheelbarrow.

William Hooven, of Curwensville, is now pushing a wheelbarrow 6260 miles expecting to complete the undertaking in 365 days. Thus far he has averaged 27 miles a day. Mr. Hooven is a man aged about 36 years and has a family of seven children. He expects to make sufficient money during his trip by corresponding for papers to support his family.

### Killed While Going to Mass.

Mrs. Maggie Satner, aged 84 years, was killed by the cars at Clearfield last Saturday while crossing the tracks on her way to church. The old lady was deaf and did not hear the approaching train, under which she was crushed to death.

### Favorable Weather.

The weather in the last ten days has been very favorable for husking corn.

### Killed Three Rattlers.

Wes Whiteman on Monday last killed three rattlesnakes on the mountain near this place. The largest had eleven rattles.

——The finest line of shoes to be found in the county can be seen at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. New goods constantly coming in. Look at his line before purchasing.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

### AN AGED LADY.

**Mrs. Elizabeth Grossman Dies Near Tusseyville.**

Mrs. Elizabeth Grossman, widow of the late George Grossman, deceased, died at her home last week near Tusseyville, at the advanced age of 73 years. Mrs. Grossman had been ill for some time and for several days previous, her death was only a question of time, when the vital spark should flee from the body. Her husband, Mr. George Grossman, preceded her about a year ago. His death was sudden and unexpected while working on the road near his home.

Mrs. Grossman was a member of the Lutheran church. Her funeral took place on Monday, Rev Fischer officiating at the survices. She was interred in the cemetery ot Tusseyville.

### A Novel Plan for State College.

The Pennsylvania State College has decided upon a novel plan—or rather, three of them—for extending the usefulness of the college and aiding farmers. One of the these is agricultural Chatauqua, which covers a course of home reading on agriculture, animal husbandry and horticulture, under the direction of the college. The course is free to all without regard to age or sex, the only expense being about $20 to cover the cost of the books. Another new feature is a special winter course in dairying, consisting of two subcourses of six weeks each. The only free charged by the college is $5 for incidental expenses. The third fee is a short winter course of 12 weeks in agriculture, upon the same terms. These courses are designed to extend the usefulness of the college, and are intended solely to benefit the farmers, the college receiving no pecuniary benefit whatever from the arrangments.

### A Thing of the Past.

What a pity that the old fashioned apple-butter boilings have nearly gone out of fashion. Blumsock, wildirishman, mock marriages, and such like fun that followed when the snitzing was done, are among the things of the dizzy past, and coming generations grow up under other inspirations.

To be at an apple butter boiling was the highest ambition of our boys and girls at one day, and the season looked forward to with great longing for its speedy coming, that the youngsters might "go home mit de gals in the morning." What is the world coming to anyhow?

### Insurance Meeting.

The Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company met at Centre Hall on Tuesday for transaction of business. All members of board of directors were present, along with other officials of the company. Those present from other places were, H. E. Duck, Millheim; J. H. Musser, Aaronsburg; J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, Penn Hall; J. G. Baily, H. C. Campbell, Fairbrook; William McFarlane, Boalsburg; Daniel Brumgort, Samuel Gramley, Rebersburg; Jacob Bottorf, Lemont; Samuel Slack, Potters Mills.

### Be a Man.

Be a man— stick to the truth, pay your honest debts, stand by what is right, don't let mercenary motives lead you to wink at wrong for fear you will loose a customer. If you are not a man of your word, or do not pay what you honestly owe, just think how often you are pointed out as you pass along the street as being a character of that kind.

### Who Can Answer?

By what power does a dog, when he wants to pitch into a fight with a fellow canine raise the hair along his back? This is a question we put to the natural science scholar—does the dog do it by powers of rizability, ferocity, or has he a special pull-band under his hide along the back? Schoolhouse debating clubs are at liberty to argue this question.

### Fell From a Scaffold.

On Wednesday of last week Samuel Coble and a man by name of Strehle, fell from a scaffold while laying brick on the new Mechanical building at State College. Coble had his leg broken and Strehle was badly cut about the head. The accident was caused by scaffolding breaking and precipitating the men to the ground, a distance of forty feet.

### Locomotives for the P. R. R.

It is stated that about 250 locomotives have been built during the year 1892 for the Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburg, and about 130 for the lines west of Pittsburg.

### To be Held in Bellefonte.

The Central Pennsylvania Synod, of the Lutheran church, which was in session at Reedsville some days ago, will hold its next annual session in Bellefonte, beginning the last Wednesday in September.

### Crops Harvested.

All the crops have now been harvested, and there is no danger of anybody starving next year.

——The Philad. Branch has almost an entire new stock to select from. If a bargain is wanted Lewins can give you satisfaction.

# COLUMBIAN DAY.

## CENTRE HALL SCHOOLS TO OBSERVE THE DAY.

**Appropriate Exercises te be Held in Observance of Columbian Day by the Public Schools.**

Columbian Day, 21st inst., will be appropriately observed by the schools of Centre Hall, in a highly approved exercise, which will be given in one of the churches of the town.

October 21st has been the day set apart as a day for national observance and honor to the discoverer of the American Continent, and that the schools should assist in its proper observance has been recommended by the state educational officials. The teachers of the schools will have the exercises in charge and an elaborate program will be prepared. The school rooms are too small for the attendance which is expected to be present and an effort will be made to secure one of the churches of Centre Hall for the occasion.

The program will consist of declamations, recitations, and addresses, and will be highly entertaining. No admission fee will be charged and all are cordially invited to be present.

### FIRE IN PENN TOWNSHIP.

**Noah Stover's Barn With all its Contents Burned Saturday Afternoon.**

The large barn of Noah Stover, on the premises south of the toll gate west of Millheim, was destroyed by fire on last Saturday afternoon. How the fire originated is not known—the barn was about as good as new, and all the contents were burned—400 bushels of wheat, all the summer's crop of hay and oats, all his implements, eleven hogs, several caives, a colt and one or two horses. The farm was occupied by Thomas Stover, son of Noah Stover. The loss is about $2000 with no insurance, the policy having expired about one year ago.

### A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clear in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malyria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by J. D. Murray's.

### A New Convent.

A new Roman Catholic convent is to be erected at Cresson at the cost or $200,000. The school will be for girls, and is to be put on a tract of land containing 30 acres. The main building will be sandstone front with brick walls. The dimensions are 250x100 feet. In the building will be three dormitories, two reflectories, and a handsome chapel with fine carved oak ceiling and rooms for the sisters. The capacity will be 150 pupils. A suite of sooms will be fitted up for the occupancy of the Bishop when he makes a visit. Two towers will cap either end of the main building.

### A Remedy for Diphtheria.

The following remedy for diptheria is claimed by the *Scientific American* to be the best known. "At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a person make the room close, then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The patient on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat and thus affords the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.

### Marriage Licenses Granted.

Following is a list of marriage licenses granted during the past week.

David R. Wilson and Emma T. Johnston, of Beech Creek.

James S. Lambert and Erby M. Houser, of Bellefonte.

Edward E. Robinson; of Covington, Kentucky, and Lettie Crowl of Coburn Pa.

William E. Johnson of State College and Mary C. Wilson, of Masseysburg, Pa.

### A Word to Young People.

You must be willing to bear reverses. You must expect disappointments. You must be ready to meet ill luck and to endure poverty if need be. Don't expect things to make themselves unless you help them. Whatever you have must be worked for, and if it is worth having it is richly worth working for.

### Sunday Schools Closed.

In some parts of Lancaster county the Sunday schools have been closed until after the chestnut season.

——The latest styles in clothing at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

——Take the REPORTER for the campaign, at 35 cents. Send in the names.

### Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble; and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

### Important to Supervisors.

Judge Woodward, of the Luzerne Courts, recently gave an important decision relating to a common abuse of Road Supervisors. He decided that a Supervisor could not be paid for work done on the roads by the Supervisor's minor children or for work of teams owned by themselves.

The opinion filed by Judge Woodward has evidently been considered and prepared with care, and as there is no appeal to the Supreme Court in such cases, his judgment will stand unquestioned within the jurisdiction of his court.

The decision is in complete harmony with both the letter and spirit of our laws which forbid public officials from contracting with themselves profiting their own delegated authority.

### Fall Announcement.

Ready made clothing for men, youths, boys and children.

Clothing made to order by skilful tailors.

Storm coats in abundance.

The latest hats and neckwear.

MONTGOMERY & CO.
Bellefonte.

It is not unusual for colds contracted in the fall to hang on all winter. In such cases catarrh or chronic bronchitis are almost sure to result. A fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure any cold. Can you afford to risk so much for so small an amount? This remedy is intended especially for bad colds and croup and can always be depended upon. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

No paper in the state has shown more devotion to the true interests of the farmer than the CENTRE REPORTER. It has at all times sounded the warning against frauds and swindlers, and unceasingly advocated whatever benefited the agricultural interests, which we deem one of the most important in the country.

——Lewins counters are loaded with a new stock of clothing for fall and winter. The Philad. Branch always in the lead for new goods and low prices.

——Storm coats way down in price at Lewins, Bellefonte. His stock is superior to any other. Satisfaction is always guaranteed.

### GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

| | |
|---|---|
| New wheat | 75 |
| Wheat | 80 |
| Rye | 65 |
| Corn | 40 |
| Oats new | 27 |
| Barley | 40 |
| Buckwheat | 45 |

### PRODUCE AT STORES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Butter | 20 |
| Eggs | 15 |
| Lard | 7 |
| Shoulders | 9 |
| Ham | 12 |
| Tallow | |
| Potatoes | 30 |
| Sides | 9 |

Serges . .

Serges for the coming season are strictly in it; we have same in different weaves and weights.

All the late styles in Dress Goods at popular prices.

Three cents for a cake of regular five-cent Toilet Soap.

Have you seen our new patterns in Satines?

Canton Flannels—best values —at lowest prices.

Samples of goods sent for your asking.

Silkalenes—Laces and Heavy Curtins—and all the fixings.

We are sole agents for Bellefonte for the W. C. C. Corsets—the finest in the world for the price.

Have you tried "Garman's Pride" Corsets at 50c?

Hemp Rope for Banners, Rugs, Tables, etc.

CORSETS

Large stock of Umbrellas—new shapes in Handles.

Our 15c (boxed) Writing Paper is the equal of that of many places that ask 15c a box.

Bicycles sold on the easy payment plan. None but high grade wheels.

Two pairs of fine black or cream colored hose for 25c—or 13c per pair.

Carmans.